THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 75. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, October 12, 1895. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 15

THE UNSEEN.

BY MARION.

When the eyes are bright with hope, the skies are blue,
The seas are mother-o'-pearl, the world is fair;
Sunshine falls sweet on drops of diamond dew,
And fairies dwell in flower-bells everywhere.

When eyes are dim with tears, the skies are gray,
The seas are foaming floods, the world is cold;
Sad mists creep down and shadow all the way,
And every face we meet seems strangely old.

But when the eyes are closed to outward sights
In Sleep's dear Dreamland, glories meet their gaze;
Visions of hope-filled noons and love filled nights,
Of light aye radiant, made of rainbow-rays.

Then, when they look within, the realms of Thought
Lie all outspread—what has been, what shall be;
Mountain and plain into right focus brought,
The Unseen,' say you? Nay! what we best see!

The inward sight is true, and clear, and strong;
Age dims it not; no blindness comes with tears;
For time is short, Eternity is long,
And souls are made for aeons, not for years.

OUT IN THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MIDDLETON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER V—(CONTINUED.)

HE GOT up beside her, and drove off. Prince, notwithstanding his recent run, was for going quick, but the man checked him.

"You go slow, if you please, my young friend. Nice pony. I don't think I should get rid of him, if I were you. Don't think he is a confirmed bolter, or that he would have bolted to-day but for the reins, but I should have a groom with me. I'd never let a lady ride or drive without a groom, if I had my way."

Eva listened intently. She noticed that he drove with accustomed skill and ease. Who was he—a groom, coachman out of work?

"You—you are used to horses?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Yes, all my life. I'm fond of them." She glanced at him, almost timidly.

"Perhaps—perhaps I could get you a situation," she faltered.

He looked at her with faint surprise; then, as is suddenly remembering, touched his cap.

"Thank you, miss—much obliged, but, you see, there's the matter of a character. Never mind; besides, I'm fond of tramping about. Tramps never can settle down to steady work, you know."

"I am so sorry," she murmured; "but—but I think—oh, you cannot be bad and worthless, or you would not have risked your life for a stranger, a person you did not know, as you have done to-day."

Her words seemed to affect him strangely. His handsome face flushed, then went pale, and he bit his lip, as he looked straight before him like a man who has received a sudden shock, almost that of a blow.

"Thank you," he said, in a low voice. "Well, I suppose no one's altogether bad. But don't you trouble about me, and—and don't think any more about this morning's business; it's bad for your nerves. Not that you are one of the nervous sort; I saw that, as I said. Most women would have flung themselves out; they always do, and break their necks. You sat like a rock, until nearly the finish. Is that the house?" he broke off to inquire, as they approached the white gate leading to the short, curved drive.

"Yes," said Eva.

"Very well, then. I'll drive to the gate, and wait to see you safe inside—not that the pony isn't safe, or that you're nervous because you're not, you know."

He pulled up at the gate, and was about to open it, that she might drive in, when Eva stayed him with a sudden—

"Wait!"

He stood still, looking at her with grave patience.

The color began to creep over her face, and a troubled look into her lovely eyes.

"I—oh, I cannot let you go like this! I have scarcely thanked you. You treat it as if it were nothing, and—and I cannot, must not let you go without—— You will let me give you—give you——"

She hesitated, and blushed with a strange reluctance. And yet the man was a common—no, not common—was a tramp, and poor. The money he had shown her was, perhaps, all he had in the world, and she could not let him go, after saving her life, without at least offering him some reward, some token of her gratitude.

She felt in her pocket, then uttered a note of disappointment and distress.

"I—I haven't my purse," she said.

He did not start with indignation, but he smiled faintly.

"If you will wait," she said—"wait for only five minutes——"

"You will give me some money," he said, "for saving your life, as you call it? All right, if you like to make a business of it. Let me see; what's it worth?"

She stared at him, trembling slightly.

"I should say quite a matter of—well, half a million. I'll wait while you get it, miss."

The irony of the words smote her. Her face flushed, then grew pale, as she said gently, almost penitently—

"I—I beg your pardon. You—you are right. I will not offer you money, but—oh, what can I do?"

As she looked round as if appealing for help and counsel, her eyes fell upon a ring upon her hand. It was a very simple affair, a schoolgirl's ring, studded with anything but costly turquoise. With a hurried breath she drew the ring from her finger, and bending forward, held it out to him.

"Will you take this? It is of no value—none at all, and—and yes, it is better than money.

He took it, his dark eyes still gravely fixed on hers, but behind their gravity and seeming indifference there glowed a sudden fire, almost fierce in its intensity.

"Thanks!" he said. "Yes; I'll take it. If you should want it back—well, you can buy it back for the half a million."

His voice was so low that she could only just hear what he said; but something thrilled her to the very heart's core.

"I—I shall not want it back." She tried to smile. He opened the gate, and was going to take off his cap, but checked himself and touched it instead.

As the cart came abreast of him, Eva, giving way to an impulse as irresistible as it was sudden, leant towards him and held out her hand.

"Good-bye, and—thank you!" All her soul seemed to flow into the two words. He took the hand, and once more the strong firm grip sent its effect through her. She held her breath, her eyes gazed on his face, but he said nothing, not even good-bye, and the gate clanged to after him.

As Lord Fayne walked slowly away he looked at the ring in his hand with a grim smile, then he slipped it slowly on to his little finger.

"It will take the place of the one I lost," he said to himself. "What did I do with that? Ah, yes, I remember." He laughed, almost defiantly, then swore. "I'm getting quite the lady's man!"

But for all this defiance, the laugh rang uneasily and unsteadily, and as he strode along his face grew grave, his dark eyes dreamy and thoughtful.

The beautiful face, so white that the gray eyes looked almost black by contrast, floated before him; the sweet voice rang in his ears. The face, the voice, every little girlish gesture, so full of an unconscious grace, haunted and harassed him, and once he stopped with an impatient gesture as if he were trying to throw off the haunting presence. He reached an inn after a time, and with a sharp, impatient sigh, walked in.

"Give me a glass of brandy, and look awful sharp!" he said to the landlord fiercely.

The landlord brought the spirit, and Lord Fayne drank it at a draught, then looked round at the yokels, who were sitting round a table, fiercely and invitingly.

"A row and a scrimmage would put me straight, and knock this out of me!" he muttered; but the men, covertly eyeing the savage stranger, sat in cautious silence and cautious stillness, as if he were a dog whose attention it would be dangerous to attact, and Lord Fayne, baulked of his heart's desire, strode out again.

CHAPTER VI.

EVA went straight to her room. She was not trembling, and she did not feel faint any longer, but the almost tragical incident had created a singular and bewildering effect upon her; and, strange to say, it was not so much of her own peril she thought, but of the man who had rescued her from a terrible death.

His face haunted her as she changed her morning frock for her evening dress; she could still feel his eyes upon her, and the inexplicable thrill which his touch had given her still seemed to agitate her.

There was something odd about this man, something quite unlike the ordinary tramp, or indeed the ordinary working man. Now and again she remembered that his tone, his manner, had been almost that of a gentleman. And yet he could not be a gentleman—unless he was one of those unfortunate creatures who had fallen from their high estate into the lower ranks.

He had refused to accept any money—that, assuredly, was not like a tramp!—and had spoken to her with a quiet air of command which she had been quite incapable of disobeying.

And how nobly he had behaved! Not only had he promptly risked his life—for she realized now how terribly near the brink he had been when he stopped the pony—but had insisted upon treating his heroism as quite a matter of course.

She was glad he had taken her ring, but she felt sorry that it was not her best diamond one. That might have sold for something worth having. And yet at the very thought she was ashamed; she felt he would not sell her ring though it were ten times its value.

Should she tell her father? Hitherto, she had had no secrets from him, and she shrank from anything like concealment. But she reflected that he would be very much distressed, and that very probably he would sell Prince. And she felt quite sure that Prince would not misbehave himself again; that he had received a sharp and salutary lesson, which he would not be likely to forget. Besides, he had only run away because the rein had become unfastened, and it was not probable that such an accident would occur again.

Her face was always colorless, of that delicate ivory tint which gained an added lustre from her dark hair, and when she came down to dinner she was paler than usual; but she was very quiet and thoughtful, and though her father did not remark on it—for, to his daughter, his manner was as perfect in its sensitive delacy as it was to any other lady—he looked at her rather keenly once or twice as she sat at the head of the table. She looked like a rare and beautiful flower in the soft candle light that fell softly upon the old plate that still remained to him, the rare cut glass, and the snowy napery of the well-appointed table.

"I am afraid you found your friends at the Court in rather a sad case, Eva," he said, as he ate some of the grapes—which she had brought safely, strange to say. "Have they sent for Mr. Marshbank?"

Eva looked up questioningly. She was thinking of the man who had saved her life, the strange tramp, and had forgotten Mr. Marshbank for the time.

"Oh; I remember! Yes, father; he is to come to-morrow."

Francis Winsdale shrugged his shoulders.

"That's decisive. Well, I hope we shall get on with him; he will be down here a great deal, I suppose, and I expect we shall see something of him."

At the moment Soames brought in a note for Miss Winsdale.

Eva read it, and was about to throw it gently across to her father, but he stopped her with a smile and a gesture.

"Don't, please. I detest letters at dinner time. It is a singular thing, but epistles that come at unholy times contain something to annoy one.

Eva smiled.

"This is a note from Lady Janet asking us to dine there to-morrow, father, to meet Mr. Marshbank. She says that she will be very grateful if we will go, as it will make it very much pleasanter for Lord Averleigh."

"Just so," commented her father. "Exactly what I said. I hate dining out under any circumstances, and to be expected to serve as a buffer between Lord Averleigh and his nephew is scarcely an enticing proposal."

"You will not go, then?" she said.

Francis Winsdale hesitated and brushed a mite of grape stalk from the silk lappet of his dress coat; he was the sort of man who could not enjoy the best dinner in the world unless he were in proper attire, and Eva waited. Neither of them knew how much depended upon his decision—how, indeed, Eva's life happiness was to turn upon the pivot of an acceptation or refusal of the invitation, or they would have paused longer than the minute that elapsed before he said with a faint sigh of resignation—

"Yes, oh yes!" Adding cynically, "If the invitation came from anyone else I should see them at Jericho beyond Jordan before I went; but one does not feel free to decline the requests of a belted earl."

Eva went to the writing table and hurriedly wrote a note of acceptation, and thus another link in the chain of Fate was laid upon the anvil and beated by a single stroke into its place.

At four o'clock on the following day Lord Averleigh sat in the library awaiting Stannard Marshbank's arrival. The old man looked bent and worn, but his face was calm, and there was an expression of firmness and determination in it which would have become a Spartan. He

was going to do what his soul loathed—elevate another man to the place his son had held, a young man whom he had always instinctively disliked and distrusted; but he would do it with all his wonted courtesy, and without any reservation.

A few minutes past four the carriage which had been sent to meet Mr. Marshbank returned from the station, and, with a slight tremor the old earl sat erect and prepared himself for the interview.

The library door opened, and the gentleman who had watched Heriot Fayne from the stall door of the Frivolity entered. His slight figure was carefully dressed in a dark grey suit, and he looked outwardly the keen intellectual man of the world which he was. Though he was almost as pale as the earl, he was perfectly cool, and apparently self-possessed, and he waited an instant, with his keen eyes fixed upon the old man, as if to see the sort of greeting which would be extended to him.

The earl rose and held out his hand.

"How do you do?" "Mr. Marshbank," he had intended to say, but he altered it to "Stannard."

And Stannard Marshbank replied, "Very well, thank you, sir," instead of "Lord Averleigh," as he would have done if the earl had addressed him with full formality.

"Will you sit down?" said the earl, motioning with his white hand to a chair. "I have asked them to send you to me before you go to your room because I have something to say which I am desirous of saying at once."

Stannard Marshbank waited, his eyes fixed upon the floor. The "Member of Parliament public man manner" somehow jarred upon the earl. He would have much preferred that the young man should have been, at least, at little less composed and self-possessed.

"I have asked you to come and see me," he said, after a pause, during which his worldly-wise eyes had taken in all points of his carefully, quietly dressed nephew, and his pale, intellectual face, "because I have something of importance to communicate to you. You are—" he hesitated hardly perceptible moment "the next in succession after Heriot."

Stannard Marshbank made no sign, and though he was listening intensely, it was evident that he did not intend to render the earl any assistance in delivering himself of his communication.

"The next," said the earl. "It is true that Heriot may marry; but I do not think it likly. Men of his character do not contract binding ties easily. He will not, probably, marry, and you will be the next earl. I do not wish—I am desirous of avoiding any reference to—to Heriot's course of life. You know what it is, what it has been. You may have heard—read the account of his last disgraceful misconduct."

Stannard Marshbank inclined his head.

"I saw the newspaper account" he said.

The earl sighed, and his head bent ower.

"He may meet with his end in some such shameful affray," he said. "In any case, such a life of dissipation cannot be a long one. Mine is drawing towards a close; you are the next. I have therefore sent for you, to put the case before you, and to tell you that it will be well for you to prepare yourself for the position to which you may succeed. One moment," for Stannard had opened his lips, as if to speak. "I have also to say that, whether Heriot lives, or, marrying, leaves an heir to the title and estates, I think it my duty to bequeath to you what money is free to me. It is, comparatively speaking, a fairly large sum. I have, for years, and from a kind of necessity rather than choice, lived considerably below my income. A sum has accumulated which will make you a tolerably rich man. Under other circumstances, this money would have gone, with the title and estates, to Heriot. I shall leave it to you, in the hope that it may still go with them."

Stannard Marshbank did not flush, or exclaim, gratefully, "Oh, sir!" but sat silent and thoughtful, and the earl, somewhat disappointed, resumed, if anything a little more coldly—

"You are, I believe, what is called an ambitious man. You have a seat in the House, and have made a name for yourself. The certainty of this future fortune will be of assistance to you; but I do not intend to make it prospective only. I intend to make you such an allowance as would be deemed suitable to the heir of Averleigh."

Still, this fortunate young man did not speak; and after a pause, the earl went on—

"We have not seen very much of each other. The fault is, doubtless, mine, and I have sent for you that we may be"—the poor old man caught his breath slightly—"better friends. It would be well, too, that you should make the acquaintance of those who may be your future tenants and dependants. Please stay as long as you can with us, and at all times consider the the Court as your home."

He ceased, and leant back in his chair, his finely-cut lips quivering, his thin white hands gripping each other tightly. It had been hard to do, but he had done it, and done it thoroughly. Then, at last, Stannard Marshbank spoke.

"Thank you, sir," he said, quite calmly, but with every accent and manner of respect. "You are very generous, very kind, but——"

The earl's brow knitted. "But!" What was this extremely cool young man going to say?

"But I have certain scruples. Forgive me if I speak plainly and quite candidly. The communication you have made to me is, as you said, a most important one. I suppose I ought to accept your generous offer at once, and accept the position in which it would place me. But"—the earl frowned again; the man was full of "buts" —"but I fear I cannot accept what you offer me, without certain conditions."

"Conditions?" murmured the old earl.

"The prospect of present and future wealth is a tempting one," continued Stannard Marshbank, slowly, deliberately. "To a man like myself, most tempting. As you have said, sir, I am ambitious, and I have found that every step of my way upwards has been rendered difficult by my poverty—for the small income I possess is little better than poverty. But"—"More 'buts,'" thought the earl—"notwithstanding that I am what is called a professed politician, I have, strange to say, retained my self-respect. In accepting your generous offer, I should be supplanting my Cousin Heriot."

"Who has proved himself unworthy," interrupted the earl, with sad grimness.

"Who has been unworthy, if you choose to put it so. Well, I will grant it. But Heriot is still a young man; there is plenty of time to reform, sir."

The earl sighed.

"Pardon me," continued Stannard Marshbank, "but I cannot forget that Heriot is your son, while I am only the nephew, and that you are offering me that which should be his by right of birth."

"But which he has forfeited by his ill-conduct," said the earl.

Stannard Marshbank smiled.

"He is not the first young man who has run wild, sir," he said, "and, as I said, he may reform, and at any moment. If he were to do so, I should stand in the position of a usurper, a position I am not anxious to fill. Forgive me, but have any adequate efforts been made to set him straight?"

The earl sighed and winced.

"They are numberless," he said, sadly. "Both I and my sister, your aunt, Lady Janet, have appealed to him again and again. Everything has been tried."

Stannard Marshbank was silent for a moment; then he said—

"I see your difficulty, sir; I see your position, and appreciate it. You think his case a hopeless one, and so you send for me. But, pardon me if I do not share your position. Before I can accept all that you offer me—and, believe me, I do not undervalue it—I should like to see Heriot."

"To see Heriot?"

"Yes," said this exemplary young man. "I should like to see him and put the case before him. Where you have tried and failed I might succeed. At any rate, I can only try. There can be no harm done."

"Why should you have any hope of succeeding?" said the earl in a low voice. "I—your aunt, for whom he cares more than for any other living soul, have appealed to him in vain. Everything has been tried. It is hopeless. He is utterly lost."

It was a terrible assertion for a father to make respecting his dearly beloved son.

"Still," said Stannard Marshbank, "I should like to try. I may succeed. Where the many fail, you know, the one succeeds. With your permission, sir, I will see Heriot and lay the case before him. If he will offer to give up his present wild life and return to you all will be well. If not, then——" He paused. The door opened as he stopped, and Lady Janet entered.

Now Lady Janet liked Stannard Marshbank as little as did her brother, the earl. And yet he was such a steady and clever young man. How unjust, how unreasoning these family prejudices!

He rose and shook hands with her.

"Stannard declines my offer until he has seen Heriot, and tried to reclaim him, Janet," said the earl.

Lady Janet flushed with surprise and gratification.

"That is very—noble of you!" she said.

"Not at all," said Mr. Marshbank. "I feel acutely that Heriot is, so to speak, the man, Lady Janet, and I am reluctant to step into his shoes until I am quite sure that he has quite discarded them. That's all. I will see Heriot and do my best with him. If I fail—well, then we can talk matters over. As I have said, a fortune present or prospective would be very welcome to me, and help me on my course—an ambitious course; but I must decline to accept it at the expense of another man unless that man is really bent on turning his back upon it. I will go up to my room if I may, Lady Janet, for the London and South-Western is not the cleanest of lines, and I am covered with dust."

When Stannard Marshbank had retired, not ungracefully, Lady Janet laid a hand upon her brother's shoulder.

"He has behaved very well, Edmund," she said.

"Y—es, oh, yes!" assented the earl. "But——"

Stannard Marshbank, when he was conducted to his room with all due ceremony, shut the door and sank into one of the comfortable chairs with which the room was supplied, and smiled.

"I think I did that very neatly," he murmured. "The old man expected me to gush and shed tears, to jump at his offer, and play the grateful pauper. Not much! The favor, if it is a favor, is to come from me. Yes, I'll see Heriot, and I don't think there'll be much difficulty in that quarter."

He smiled maliciously as he walked to the window and looked out. Before him—Lady Janet had given him one of the best rooms, as befitted the heir presumptive—lay a wild expanse of lawn, and park, and well-to do farm lands.

"All this—mine! mine!" he murmured. "That is if Heriot should die before he marries. My God, if that fellow had only finished him with the decanter the other night! Why didn't I cut in and deal the blow? Because I am a coward! Only one life between me and—all this! Phew! It makes my head reel! But I fancy I played my part well. The stupid old fool meant to overwhelm me with his generosity. I think I turned the tables on him!"

Almost as soon as he was dressed a servant—there was an army of servants at the Court—brought him a despatch box, and the Member of Parliament and "coming man" put aside all thought of the possible earldom and set to work.

He was hard at it, writing letters and working, until the dinner bell, and he was five minutes late when he entered the drawing-room.

The earl came up to him with Eva on his arm.

"Stannard," he said, in his courtly tone, "I want to introduce you to Miss Winsdale."

Stannard Marshbank prepared the usual conventional smile; but as his eyes met Eva's blue-grey ones he experienced a distinct shock, and as he bent over her hand he was conscious of an impression as strange as it was intense.

She wore a dress of soft cream silk, a dark red rose nestled in the dusky hair, and as she stood before him, straight as an arrow, her eyes regarding him with the innocent dignity of maidenhood, with a calm interest which made him drop his eyes, he felt as if he were in the presence of a young goddess.

The effect upon him was instantaneous, remarkable.

As he raised his eyes to hers and murmured the usual commonplace, he said to himself—

"Averleigh Court and this girl are what I want; and I will have them!"

And sad to say, Stannard Marshbank generally managed to get what he wanted by fair means—or foul.

CHAPTER VII.

STANNARD MARSHBANK was a very clever young man; far too clever to permit Eva to see the impression she had made upon him. Some men—most—would have smiled, and gushed, and tried to ingratiate themselves; Stannard Marshbank, though he was seated next the girl he had resolved to win, almost neglected her for a time, contenting himself with a commonplace remark about the weather and the country.

But he laid himself out for Francis Winsdale. The two men had looked at, and so to speak, taken stock of each other at the moment of their introduction.

"A man of the world, astute, cynical, indolent," thought Stannard Marshbank. "A clever fellow, ambitious, and not over scrupulous; conceited also, no doubt," thought Francis Winsdale.

But if he were conceited, Stannard Marshbank concealed his self-conceit with admirable art. Nothing could have been more modest and unassuming than his manner. It was, indeed, perfectly suited to the occasion. The mixture of respect and familiarity towards the earl and Lady Janet were just what was demanded. To Francis Winsdale there was respect alone.

He waited until that gentleman addressed him, and then set to work to secure his good-will. Something was said about shooting, and though Stannard was a fair shot, he looked towards Francis Winsdale, and seemed to wait for his opinion before he gave his own. He started an argument, and then, with an appearance of conviction, agreed with his elder.

"Your experience is larger and more varied than mine, Mr. Winsdale," he said, "and I see that I was wrong. Do you still keep your name in the Gun Club? Some of the members were saying the other day that you were counted one of their best shots."

Of course Francis Winsdale was gratified. He was too astute not to see that the young man was endeavoring to please him; but the endeavor proved that he was right in setting down Stannard Marshbank as clever—anyway, one likes one's opinion to be confirmed, so he smiled up his sleeve; he was pleased and gratified. The talking was almost entirely confined to the men; Eva and Lady Janet sitting listening, and only now and again putting in a word.

Eva therefore had plenty of time and opportunity for inspecting and listening to the heir presumptive. She decided that he was almost, if not quite, handsome, but there was something in his face—was it in the eyes or about the mouth?—that did not please her. His voice was low, and if not musical, carefully toned. And his talk was interesting.

He was the first man of his kind she had ever met, and, naturally, she was impressed by his apparently boundless knowledge, and his fluent speech. She thought she could understand why great masses of people liked to listen to him, and why he had become a popular public man. The conversation glided from sport to politics, and she felt that Stannard Marshbank was leading it as he chose; and she was beginning to admire the tact and discretion, which even she could not fail to recognize, and to think how admirably he would fill the earl's place, when the remembrance of the real heir flashed upon her, and though she had never seen him, so far as she knew, a wave of pity swept over her.

While this clever, intellectual young man was sitting here, clothed in purple and fine linen, and doing his best to please and charm, the only son—the Prodigal Son—was an outcast and pariah!

It was not until the dinner was nearly over that Stannard paid Eva any attention; then, as the servants were were placing dessert on the table, he turned to her with a rare mixture of deference and admiration due to a lovely girl, and said—

"I am afraid this must be very wearisome to you, Miss Winsdale. In the old times I believe politics were tabooed in the presence of ladies, but nowadays, whenever three or four men are gathered together, the noxious subject is sure to be discussed irrespective of the company. It was my fault; I hope you will forgive me."

It was very prettily said, and Eva smiled.

"There is nothing to forgive," she returned. "It is very interesting, though I do not understand much about politics."

"And yet your father was a very keen politician, and his opinion is very often quoted in political circles," he said, just loud enough for Francis Winsdale to hear.

Eva laughed, and as she did so, Stannard Marshbank thought that if anything could be more beautiful than her smile, it was her laugh.

"Was my father ever 'keen' about anything?" she said. "Were you, father? If so you must have changed very much."

Her father smiled across the table at her.

"Don't let my daughter persuade you that I am a lotus eater, Mr. Marshbank; though it is quite true," he added, in his characteristic fashion, as he sipped the rare Averleigh claret and turned to Lady Janet.

"Yes," said Stannard, "ladies are beginning to take an interest in many things—

especially social questions. The condition of the poor——"

Eva's eyes lit up with sudden interest.

"Ah, yes," she said. "The poor! If your politics could do anything for them!"

Francis Winsdale nodded, and smiled.

"I warn you off that subject, Mr. Marshbank," he said, in his slow, cynical manner. "My daughter is doing her best to pauperize the Averleigh people, who really were a decent and contented lot until she came upon the scene. If she is not stopped in her evil course of almsgiving and sanitation, the place will not be fit to live in; there will be a revolution before long; the Court will be besieged and burnt to the ground, and the earl will have to fly for his life."

The earl smiled, and, picking out a fine pear, laid it on Eva's plate.

"Ah, yes! it is all very fine," said Mr. Winsdale. "You aid and abet her, Averleigh. You will wake up some day to the danger of her proceeding—when it is too late. Don't come to me for protection from an infuriated and discontented peasantry, for I warn you that I shall consider it my duty to refuse you protection, and to say, 'I told you so.' It is all very well for you, but your successor will probably call you hard names."

It was, perhaps, the only time in his life that Francis Winsdale had been guilty of an unlucky speech. He saw it the moment he had spoken the word "successor," and also, for the first time in his life, looked for an instant almost embarrassed.

A silence fell. The earl looked down at his plate, Lady Janet trembled, and a faint color rose to the ivory of Eva's face.

Stannard Marshbank alone seemed unconscious of the impression created by the unlucky speech, and he rose to the occasion.

"Whoever he may be, I should say that he will certainly carry on Lord Averleigh's wise and liberal plans for the improvement of the conditions of the people," he said, quietly and pleasantly.

Francis Winsdale looked almost grateful.

"I cannot take credit for any," said the earl; "they are all Miss Winsdale's."

"Prisoner at the bar, you have heard your accomplice. What have you to say?" said her father.

Eva, finding all eyes upon her, flushed slightly. She was young, ignorant of the world, but she was not afraid.

"I plead guilty to wanting better wages, better cottages, more amusement for the poor people," she said, in a low voice; "but—but I know so very little, and I am always afraid of asking Lord Averleigh to do anything, because—he always does it. And it might be all wrong."

"Just so," said her father. "Six months each, without the option of a fine. What is the matter with the poor? I'll wager that they are just as happy as we are."

The earl sighed.

"If they haven't large houses and large incomes, they haven't the responsibilities and cares that go with them. As to sanitation—well, I meet hale and hearty old men of seventy and eighty, whenever I go into the village, and I envy them their health and strength; and the children must be well and strong, too, for they yell and shout enough to deafen one. But I am aware that I am an old Tory, and quite behind the times, and that anything I can say will not prevent Lord Averleigh and his kind from wasting their substance on model cottages, new pumps, and village institutes."

"Especially when we are asked for them by voices that cannot be denied," said the earl, with his gentle smile, and he laid his white hand on Eva's arm.

She looked at him with a glow in her lovely eyes.

"I am so glad to hear you say that," she said, in a low voice, "for I wanted to ask you if those poor people on the common might have a new thatch to their roof."

"What cottage is that, my dear?" he asked.

"The one at the corner of Dark Lane—the Warner's, you know."

"I am afraid I don't know," he said. "I am afraid I have left things almost entirely to Benson, of late."

Eva understood. What heart had he for going amongst the people who would soon pass away from him into the hands of a comparative stranger? She let her fingers touch his white hand as it rested on the cloth.

"You sent some money to them, and let them off the first quarter's rent, you know," she remainded him. "The poor woman is ill, and the husband has only just found work."

"They are the new people, are they not?" he asked. "Warner, Warner? Ah, yes—I recollect."

Stannard Marshbank was talking to Lady Janet, but at the reiteration of the name, he looked round.

"Are they proteges of yours?" he asked of Eva.

"Yes," she said; "they settled in the cottage about five months ago. They are quite new people, and come, I think, from London; but no one seems to quite know. I am afraid they have had some great trouble; the wife is very delicate, and the husband seems as if he were bowed down and crushed by grief. They are very reserved and reticent, and seem afraid lest we should ask them any questions respecting their past—which one would not do, of course."

He listened with obvious interest.

"Ah, yes!" he muttered, approvingly, "that is the right feeling—respect. You understand the poor, Miss Winsdale."

The compliment was spoken with an admirable absence of flattery and with profound respect, and Eva could not help being pleased, just as her father had been.

"Are there any children?" asked the earl.

"No," said Eva. "I think—I don't know—but I think I there was a daughter. I saw a girl's hat lying on the table when I called one day, but Mrs. Warner took it up and carried it out of the room immediately, and I have not seen it since. Perhaps she is dead."

"Poor woman!" sighed Stannard Marshbank.

"They have a lodger—or, rather, a friend—living with them; the young man, Forster, you know," she added, turning to the earl. "You made him one of the underkeepers."

"Ah, yes! I remember," said the earl—"a short, dark young fellow, with rather a hard, determined face and gloomy manner."

Eva nodded.

"Yes, that is the man. I am afraid he, too, has some trouble. He is just as reserved as the Warners, and, although he is always civil, he——" She looked round for the word.

"Actually resists the blandishments of the amateur Lady Bountiful," said Francis Winsdale. "I respect that young man. Can you tell me when I can see him, Averleigh?"

Everyone laughed.

"But about the new roof, Lord Averleigh?" asked Eva, in a low voice.

The earl looked round to Stannard Marshbank.

"Shall Miss Winsdale have her new thatch, Stannard?" he said.

It was a formal and distinct recognition of Stannard Marshbank's new position, and everyone noticed it, and waited for his reply.

His face must have been under perfect self-control, for he neither flushed nor looked gratified.

"I should not presume to offer an opinion, sir," he said.

"Just so," put in Francis Winsdale. "A very wise response. My dear fellow, if you were to adduce a dozen sound arguments against it, those two would get into a corner after dinner, and—the roof would go on."

"I knew that," said Stannard, with a quiet smile.

The earl laughed, and patted Eva's arm.

"I will tell Benson to see about it, my dear," he said, as a matter of course.

Lady Janet rose admit the laughter, and Eva, blushing a little, shyly followed her out of the room.

Half-an-hour later she was sitting on the terrace with Lady Janet, for the night was warm and balmy. A nearly full moon flooded the landscape, and a nightingale sang in one of the elms in the avenue.

The two had been talking of Stannard Marshbank, to be sure, but they were silent now; and Eva was gazing dreamily at the exquisite scene, a world turned by the mystic moonlight to fairyland, and thinking, not only of Stannard Marshbank, but of the strange tramp.

The persistence with which he troubled her thoughts almost worried her. She pictured him tramping along through the moonlight towards London, solitary and friendless, in search of the work, which he would, in all probability, fail to get. The mental picture saddened her. How unequal were human lives and fates. Here was she in silk attire, lapped in luxury, while the man who had risked his life to save hers, and made light of the peril he had run, was poor and unfriended.

She sighed, and was startled to hear a voice near her say—

"There is always something melancholy in moonlight, Miss Winsdale!"

Stannard Marshbank stood beside her with a coffee cup in his hand.

"Lady Janet sent me out with this," he said, offering it to her. "She said that you seemed so happy that she stole in so as not to disturb you; she had not heard you sigh, you see."

Eva took the cup, and he stood for a moment or two looking at the view in silence.

"It is very beautiful," he said at last, thoughtfully.

"Is it not?" assented Eva. "One sees it at its very best to-night."

"Yes? I have never seen it any other way;" he said. "This is my first visit to the Court."

"But it is not to be your last?" she said.

"I don't know," he responded, with a faint smile. "It all depends. If, as I hope, I succeed in restoring the earl's son to his rightful place, it is not very probable that I shall visit the Court again."

"But—but, surely——" Eva began, but she paused. It was delicate ground.

"I know what you would say," he said, in a tone that implies confidence. "The earl has been very kind, very friendly, but you see it is a matter of duty with him. I am not a persona grata at Averleigh, Miss Winsdale. That must be my fault, you will think. Perhaps so, and yet I scarcely think so. I am the victim of a family feud. If Heriot Fayne had turned out all right I should not be here, believe me, and yet I am very glad to be here. Mine is a lonely life, and this brief glimpse of friendly relations has been very precious to me."

"Lonely!" said Eva, with faint surprise.

"You mean that I must see a great deal of society, that as a public man I must go about a great deal? Yes; but a man can do all that and yet be very lonely. I have no brother or sister, no relations, excepting the earl and Lady Janet—who do not care for me. No man is so solitary as he who walks alone amongst a crowd. And that is my fate!"

"You have your work, your ambition," said Eva, timidly. She felt that she was a mere schoolgirl beside this man of the world, who had fought his way by sheer strength of will and intellect.

He looked down at the great grey eyes, full now of a grave interest, and his heart beat fast.

The moment he saw her he had fallen in love with her, and every hour he felt that his love was growing, growing, and he knew that soon it would master him.

"My work, yes," he said. "But for that ——" He paused. "And yet, sometimes I am tempted to give up. What is the good of it? What can it bring me?"

"And then you think of others, and the good it may bring to them, and so keep on," Eva said, softly.

He looked at her. How good, how noble she was! That man's self-seeking heart stirred with a sense of reproach; even such men as Stannard Marshbank have such momentary pangs.

"I am afraid I don't often think of them," he said. "But, thank you! I will do so for the future."

Eva blushed slightly. The flattery of the response could not fail to touch her.

"I am sure you think of it, would think of it without any reminder from anyone," she said.

"No," he said, with a fine assumption of frankness and candor. "Ambitious men think only of themselves, and their own career; and have no consideration for others, unless——" he paused, and added, as if to himself, "some good angel whispers the admonition." Then he went on as if unconscious that he had spoken aloud. "This is an earthly paradise. What power of wealth and influence it means!" He moved his hand to indicate the vast acres of the Averleigh estates. "A man might do so much with all this! There should be no squalor, no poverty, no crime here, if the man who owned all knew the right way to expel them."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SWEET MANNERS.—"There are a thousand engaging ways, which every person may put on without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the quiet cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger who may be recommended to us, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession—these will ensure us the good regards of all. There is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that is even more irresistible than beauty."

Bric-a-Brac.

THE GABARDINE.—The Gabardine, so often mentioned by Shakespeare, was a cloak for rainy weather. In several countries the Jewish people were compelled by law to wear gabardines as a distinctive article of dress.

THE PARASITE FIG.—The parasite fig, indigenous to the tropics, is a most extraordinary plant. Its seeds are distributed by birds, and if one drops and lodges in a fruit tree it will germinate there and send a long root to the ground and draw nourishment through it. It then rapidly spreads over the unfortunate tree and strangles it.

SHELLS.—Shells seem to have been the original trumpets and flutes of mankind. The fishermen of Newfoundland blew a Strombus gigas as a fog horn; the Welsh once employed the same shell as a dinner call, and the miners of the Guernsey granite quarries use it as a blasting signal. The conch shell, Turbinella rapa, peeled and decked with lotus flowers, is blown at funerals and religious feasts in India, and a blast of the conch is used, we believe, to call the negroes of the West Indies to work.

A RATTLESNAKE IS NOT A PLAYTHING.—A young fellow one day fell a-teasing a rattlesnake with a cart-whip. By-and-by the serpent got really angry, and made for its tormentor, who foolishly kept on provoking it. Irritated at last beyond endurance, the creature forced him to fly; but the faster he ran the quicker the snake wriggled after him, and he saw that at a fence only a little way ahead he should meet his doom, for he could not climb it in time. So he turned upon his pursuer, and was fortunately able to throw the lash around it and stop its progress. He played with it no longer, but slew it with punctuality and despatch.

IN BURMAH.—Destitution is almost unknown in Burmah, the wants of life in the temperate climate of that country being more easily satisfied than in the colder countries of Northern Europe. A young Burmese couple can start life with a knife and a cooking-pot. The universal bamboo supplies materials for building the house, lighting the fire, carrying the water from the well, and may even help to compose the dinner itself. The wife is usually prepared to take a share in supporting the household, and thus she has gradually acquired a position of independence not always enjoyed by married women elsewhere.

ARE TWIN BOYS BROTHERS?—It is hard to believe that this question was ever asked of one sane man by another. Artemus Ward might have put it in an examination paper, but even a First Form Debating Society—if such a thing could be imagined to exist—would scarcely be equal to discussing it seriously. The first Lord Houghton, however, when he was plain Richard Monckton Milnes, writing his last letter to his mother from Trinity College, Cambridge, under date of April 4th, 1830, tells her, "by way of news," of a story that "the Duke of St. Albans asked the showman of the Siamese boys, who, you know, are joined together, whether they were brothers."

BARK VOLUMES, BUT NOT BOOKS.—Long before the first printed book, great men and small men alike were in the habit of publishing their works. It was a very heavy job, for every copy was written out, on the inner bark of such trees as the lime, ash, elm and beech. The Latin name of this bark was liber, and in time it came to be applied, because of this use of it, to books both of the old sort and the new. These bark books were rolled up, partly to preserve the writing and partly for convenience, and they used also to be wound around a staff or cylinder, and, if they were very long, around two cylinders. These scrolls, wrapped around rods, were passed about from friend to friend.

A TEXT, AND ITS APPLICATION.—Lord Chancellor Erskine, the great lawyer, was honorably distinguished for his love of animals. In his younger days, during a walk on Hampstead Heath, he saw a carter cruelly thrashing a wretched looking horse. Taking the man to task for his brutality, the carter replied surlily that the horse was his own, and he would use it as he pleased; and suiting the action to the word, he beat it afresh. This was more than Erskine could stand. So, raising his walking stick, he struck the man several blows with it across his back. Whereupon, in a whining tone, the carter asked Erskine what business he had to hit him. "Why," said the lawyer, "my stick's my own. Mayn't I use it as I please?"

ON THE LAKE.

BY MINNIE H. GLNEY.

Oh, perfect hours! that needed not
The sea and sky so rare,
For one dear presence made divine
A scene already fair.

Yes, you were near me;—'twas enough;
'Twas all of life, of day,
And my heart sang out in the sun of love,
Like the birds, in a morn of May.

And the tender thoughts of the other years
That were folded in slumber awhile,
Awoke, like the flowers in the spring-tide sun,
When warmed by the light of your smile.

I dreamed again life's perfect dream;
I scanned the old lesson once more;
And the hand that was near in the tiny boat,
Was turning the pages o'er.

ALTHEA'S TRIAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CATHERINE MAID MENT'S BURDEN," "BENEFIT OF CLERGY," "THE VICAR'S AUNT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

LADY CARRUTHERS gasped. It was late; she had just returned from a dinner party when this request was preferred. Her first action was decided enough. She sent Althea to bed while she proceeded to think it over. The request had taken her wholly by surprise. After an hour, during which the plan suggested was revolved in her amazed mind from every point of view that mind possessed, she mentally gave in. The girl should go "for a time," she decided.

She was influenced chiefly by two considerations.

First, that Althea's personal attractions at this stage were still very undeveloped, and she might have been described simply as a tall, dark girl, with an absorbed expression. Time would improve this, Lady Carruthers thought, and make her more "presentable."

And secondly, she knew that it was rather "the thing" to be a clever woman now-a-days; and the fact of a little extra learning might give Althea a position in society later, she thought. And, moreover, deep down in her own heart there was a consciousness that she was very thankful for a personal reprieve. She was not one of those women who enjoy a chaperon's position, and the thought of her social duties to Althea had often weighed on her soul a good deal. Money difficulties in the question there were none. Colonel Godfrey had left what was for his daughter a sufficient, if slender income, and this was, of course, at present devoted to her education.

So the matter was settled, and Althea went to Newnham for "a few months," as Lady Carruthers put it.

The "few months" stretched themselves considerably. Althea came home at the beginning of each vacation so serenely and confidently persuaded that she was, as a matter of course, to return at the end of it, that Lady Carruthers did not even endeavor to gainsay that confidence.

Possibly she stood a little in awe both of it and of the manner, a little commanding, and more than a trifle assured, which, as she expressed it, "Althea had picked up at Cambridge." And the only demurrer she ventured on was a vague reference now and then to "when you are presented, my dear," or "when you see more of society, Althea," all of which were met by Althea with an impenetrable silence, which might or might not give consent.

Neither the silence nor the commanding manner were wholly characteristic of Althea, however. They were both tempered by qualities both loveable and likeable. Her high spirits were "the life of the house," the servants declared when she left it, and her quiet consideration for her aunt's feelings and wishes was evinced all day long in details. This last fact made the blow which fell upon her at last all the more difficult for Lady Carruthers to realize.

It was soon after Althea's twenty-second birthday that this bolt emerged from the blue. The evening was warm. Althea's birthday was in June, and the vacation having begun, the two were together in Lady Carruther's dining-room in Kensington. They were quite alone. The companion whom Lady Carruthers had, some few years back, added to her establishment was accustomed to efface herself, comparatively, during Althea's vacation, partly from tact, and partly because she was somewhat painfully sensible of having little in common with Miss Godfrey.

It was after dinner, and Lady Carruthers, having no engagement for that evening, had settled herself down to enjoyment in a comfortable chair.

Her novel had slipped down on her knees, and she was agreeably conscious of a softening of all her perceptions, when, quite suddenly, Althea, who had been sitting silently in the window, pushed back her chair, rose, and approached her aunt.

"Aunt Felicia," she said in a full, clear voice, "I feel that I ought to tell you that I have made up my mind about my future. I have been long deliberating, and I have now decided. I mean to be a doctor."

It is absolutely impossible to describe the result of these words. "Aunt Felicia's" mind found the situation so perfectly incomprehensible that it simply refused to take it in, and contented itself with recoiling from it as incredible—for that night.

To all the objections, objurgations, arguments and expostulations that were launched at her on the next morning and throughout many and many a succeeding day, Althea turned a perfectly deaf ear. She did at first, it is true, enter collectedly and composedly into a discussion with her aunt. But having in the course of it ascertained that Lady Carruthers founded her opposition solely on the principle that it was "so dreadfully unladylike and so horrid" for a woman to become a doctor, she gave up any further argument, and waded unconcernedly through rivers of angry tears on the part of her aunt.

She was not hard-hearted, she was not obstinate, she had simply prepared herself for opposition and braced herself to meet it. She took all the steps necessary to begin her career with a quiet determination; and in silence, as far as Lady Carruthers was concerned.

When the latter discovered that nothing she could say or do made any impression on Althea; that she might, in fact, just as profitably dash herself against the rocks at the Land's End in the hope of removing them, as argue with her niece; she rose in her wrath, and exercised what authority was left for her. She declared that Althea, if she was set upon "her own undutiful and unladylike way," should no longer live in her house.

With a mixture of ideas at which Althea, in after days, often smiled, she said that she "could not and would not have dissections and skeletons and that sort of thing where she was, to say nothing of the infection it would bring." Althea must find herself a home somewhere else. This Althea quite composedly proceeded to do; she arranged to board in the house of a girl friend who lived in what Lady Carruthers spoke of contemptuously as "some miserable street in Bloomsbury."

Then, on the last night in her old home Althea had, so to speak, "given the lie" to all her former proceedings by clinging round her aunt's neck as she said goodnight, and saying in an odd, broken voice: "You'll forgive me, Aunt Felicia—some day—if I get on well?"

Since then three years had come and gone. They had left Althea where they found her, in a material sense that is to say; for she was still, on this April morning, boarding in the same house for which she had left her aunt's. They were very far from having left her where they found her from a mental point of view.

She had worked hard and well in her chosen profession; she had shrunk from nothing in the way of work, and nothing in the way of experience. And she had displayed in it marked and considerable ability.

The steady yet enterprising work of a brain beyond the average told, and quickly brought as a sequence, position and notice. No student of her years had gained either higher distinction or more respect than Althea Godfrey. And perhaps no one was more popular. To be respected is by no means always to be liked.

It often involves, on the contrary, being disliked; but Althea, among a set of women whose temperments and minds were as varying as their faces, who were alike in nothing whatever save in the love of their profession, had won herself a place which was firm and fixed in every heart. And, last, but by no means least, she had won for herself the strongest and warmest affection from the people with whom she lived.

Her friend, Lucy Graham, the daughter of the house, had married and left it within a year of Althea's coming to it. And Althea had, as it were, slipped to some extent into her vacant place.

For the overworked Mrs. Graham, always struggling with the cares and needs of the family; the girls, whose ages ranged from nineteen down to nine; and the hardworking father and brother, whose daily work in the city had so few breaks in its monotony, Althea made a part of their lives which they would reluctantly have spared.

The life of a house whose income is not more than just sufficient for its needs was very different from that to which Althea had been brought up in her aunt's house, But it was, perhaps, better for her; and, certainly, no life of easy plentifulness would or could have developed Althea's temperament in the same way.

And that she was happy in it had been obvious from the first, obvious even to Lady Carruthers, who exacted from her niece duty visits in which her interest in Althea's surroundings had been curiously inconsistent with her emphatically expressed hatred of her chosen path.

By degrees the duty visits grew more and more frequent in number. Lady Carruthers appeared to be so far mollified by the fact that "Althea looked so well and dressed so nicely," that she insisted on her niece's appearance at whatever social function she herself might be holding. To this, Althea, whenever the occasion in question did not interfere in any way with her work consented readily enough.

And gradually "Lady Carruther's niece" became rather a feature in Lady Carruther's entertainments. How the appellation crept into "Lady Carruther's clever niece," that lady herself best knew.

It was at one of these parties of her aunt's that Althea met the fate which, as one of her fellow-students said, would be "the undoing of all her work."

It was a large dance, and Althea was looking extremely attractive in a new and very pretty gown. When towards the end of it a man was introduced as "Dr. Meredith," she gave him only scanty notice at first. She particularly disliked young medical men; they were apt to launch much shallow sarcasm at her profession; a proceeding which made Althea's usually controlled impulsive temper flame up as little else could.

This man, however, attracted her attention by completely ignoring the subject of their common profession, and talking to her, as Althea said to herself, "like any other woman." She said it gratefully at first, but as the evening passed and no reference whatever of a personal nature was made by him, she grew aggrieved. Did he think women doctors beneath contempt? she asked herself angrily, in the course of her next morning's lecture. And she found her mind straying from a complicated and delicate bit of dissecting, to an attempt to analyze the expression of Dr. Meredith's eyes. A day or two later she met him again at Lady Carruther's house, and left it with the same feeling of anger against him; the same unreasoning desire to know what he thought of her. In short, Althea fell in love; fell in love hopelessly and completely, with the man who had thus irritated her. She was very angry with herself; the more so when she found that she could not, as she had intended to do, tear this despicable weakness from her, and fling it away.

More and more against her will, but at the same time better and better, she loved him. And when, some two months after their first meeting, he quite unexpectedly and suddenly proposed to her, Althea said to him that he must give her time, and then went straight home and wrote him the happiest, most perfect acceptance that a proud and maidenly woman could.

This had all happened a year earlier. In the interval Dr. Meredith had left London for a country practice, leaving Althea there, still working steadily. She told her lover that she meant to finish what she had begun, even if her dream of a separate London practice for each of them never became an accomplished fact.

But shortly before this April morning she had ended her course, and further, had become fully qualified. There was no immediate prospect for their marriage, Dr. Meredith wished to work up the practice and offer his bride a better income before she became his bride; therefore Althea was looking about her for some temporary work which should fill her time and energies meanwhile.

This was not hard to find. Among the rather small circle of women doctors and their friends Althea Godfrey's name had, during her course at the school, become well enough known as that of a clever and very promising student, and when the conclusion of her work more than justified her reputation, it quickly became evident to her that more than one channel was open to her energies.

She had begun by trying the one that best suited her, and only two days earlier she had made an appointment for an interview with the superintendent of a Private Nursing Home; an appointment for twelve o'clock that very morning.

Her destined meeting place was fully an hour from the house in Bloomsbury, and the little clock on the dining-room mantelpiece was ticking away steadily, and getting well over the ground between the quarter and the half hour past eleven. Still Althea did not move.

She seemed to have forgotten the time, to have forgotten everything to do with her surroundings, for she stood motionless, perfectly motionless, gazing into the mist with the letter in her hand.

A letter from Dr. Meredith was not in itself enough to abstract and absorb her thus. During the months of his absence from London he had written to her with an unfailing precision that had before now roused the mirth of the Graham family. It was evidently, whether suggested by the letter or not, something in her own thoughts that absorbed her so fully.

The clock chimed the half hour. Althea neither moved or heard, and she did not so much as turn her head when the dining-room door was opened and a girl of nineteen looked in.

"Thea!" she said cheerily. "Why, Thea, I thought you were gone out long ago! I sent Jennie to your room with your shoes, as you asked me, nearly an hour ago!"

Althea started, flushed violently, and let her hand fall from the window, all at once.

"I thought you had an appointment, or something," continued the girl, with evident amaze displaying itself on her face.

She was rather pretty in a conventional way. She had bright coloring, and plentiful light brown hair; all her pretensions to beauty being enhanced by a good tempered expression.

Althea turned fully round, slowly; a dazed look was slowly fading from her eyes.

"So I had, Bertha!" she responded. "I'm not going to it, though. I think —— can Jennie take a telegram for me?"

"Why, of course!"

Bertha Graham answered readily, and then a wondering look came over her face; she came up to Althea, and laid a hand on her wrist.

"Thea," she said, "there's nothing wrong, is there?"

Althea laughed gently; a very reassuring laugh it was, and with it the last traces of the dazed look disappeared.

"Not the least bit!" she answered, putting her one hand, letter and all, on the girl's shoulder, "I'm thinking whether I shall take some work that has offered itself in the country, that's all! Look here, Bertha," she added, "I shan't want Jennie to go out with that telegram. I'll go myself and see the superintendent, I think, after all. I can do it yet, in a cab. Let her get me a hansom, dear, please. I'll dress while it comes."

Bertha Graham went quietly out of the room, and Althea followed her immediately, dashing, two at a time, up the steps of the staircase, until she reached her own room.

Once in her room, she began to dress with characteristic vigor. She laced up her boots without a second's pause, put on her hat, tore down her winter coat from its hook and thrust one arm into it. Then, quite suddenly, she paused, with the coat only half on, and stood leaning against her dressing table, gazing out into the mist with much the same far away look that Bertha's entrance had chased from her eyes in the dining-room. The mist was melting fast now; and through it, from her bedroom window, was plainly visible Althea's fast approaching hansom, with Jennie, the little household "odd girl," seated inside.

But Althea did not see either melting mist or approaching hansom. Jennie had had time to stop it, to get out, and to run down the area steps, before Althea moved, with a gesture so sudden as to upset various small trinkets on the table. At the same instant an impulsive light flashed into her eyes, clearing away every shred of doubt or indecision, whichever it was, and leaving them very brilliant with a strange excitement.

"I'll do it!" she said, as she dashed her left arm into its sleeve; "I will!" A further light flashed across her face as she spoke—a certain daringly mischievous light; it lurked in her eyes and the corners of her mouth.

She snatched up her purse, ran down, and was driven off. But not to keep her appointment. She stopped the hansom at a postoffice; sent a telegram from thence

to cancel it, and then told the man to drive to a well-known tailor's shop in Regent street.

CHAPTER III.

AND Mary Miller's Susan Hannah's took bad, is she?

"Why, yes. And Mary in a fine way, and no mistake. There's all those children, and the baby not three weeks old till to-morrow."

"Is it catching, then—what Susan Hannah's took with?"

"From all I can make out, it's that same my Bill had. Last Wednesday was three months since he got over it. None of us took no harm from him, though Dr. Meredith he said it was just a chance. But you'll see all Mary's children will. She's that sort as never has no luck. Look at her husband!"

It was three days after Dr. Meredith's walk along the Hollow Holes That had taken place on a Wednesday, and this was a Saturday.

The inhabitants of Mary Combe were possessed of very definite views on a great variety of subjects. Some of these "fixed ideas" were decidedly undesirable. To their eradication Mr. Howard, the hard-worked and hard-working young Vicar, devoted most of his time on six days out of the seven, with a moderately satisfactory result only.

The weekday existence of Mary Combe was regarded by it as somewhat harassed by this his practical exhortation. Sundays, on the contrary, or which Mr. Howard tried to make his strongest stand and protest of all, were looked upon as islands of refuge in their stormy sea.

"Parson, he's out of the way more, Sundays—took up with his sermons and that," was the current explanation of the feeling of peace the day engendered; sermons being, to the mind of Mary Combe, institutions before which custom demanded silence, but in themselves wholly an abstract quantity with no bearing whatever on anything.

However, Mr. Howard's time as Vicar of Mary Combe has as yet been limited, and some of the most cherished convictions were already tottering. And to give them their due, the people of Mary Combe were not worse than those in other places. The fixed ideas, were not all erroneous.

Some were even praiseworthy. Among them was that which, from time immemorial, had set aside Saturday afternoon as an universal half holiday. Of course, this is a fairly general institution; but the spirit of its observance differs greatly in different parts of England.

In that corner of it which contained Mary Combe, there would seem to have been lingering traces of a livelier age, for the people devoted themselves to enjoying it with a vigor that would have astonished those imaginative pessimists for whom the dwellers in rural districts are only a heavy-hearted crowd, broken with the load of unremitting, ill-paid toil. The mothers set to work early, always, to "clean" their homes, their children, and themselves; and all with much the same measure of energy.

This being accomplished, the men came home, and went through the same process as regarded themselves, some of them reappearing in a sort of foretaste of Sunday clothes, by way of emphasizing the occasion.

Then every one proceeded to enjoy whatever in his or her own eyes constituted relaxation—out of doors, if possible, naturally.

The men worked in their gardens; sat on their door-steps and took a contemplative pipe, possibly enhanced by conversation with a friend across the street. One or two went fishing, and some turned their hands to mechanical diversion—private cabinet-making, or it might be house hold mendings.

To this choice of occupations had lately been added one which had its origin in what was at first contemptuously condemned as "another of them fancies o' parson's." Mr. Howard had divided a long narrow slip of land on a slope which rose on one side of the street into "allotments. These, after the proper amount of distrust and disfavor had been bestowed, had become both popular and much sought after. And Saturday afternoons generally found several men at work there.

The young men and the maidens chose, principally, the diversion of standing about in groups, each consisting exclusively of one sex, but each disposed, with curious coincidence, well within sight of the other, and each, almost invariably, talking with rapidity and energy of the other's proceedings. "Walkings out" were not practised on Saturday afternoons. The evening might find a few "couples" strolling up the Hollow Holes, but Sunday was the one customary occasion for this ceremony.

The women, that is to say the mothers of families, chose diversions varying with the age and number of the families in question. If these were no longer young enough to "get into mischief," their guardians were wont to establish themselves comfortably, and hold long and earnest conversations on their worries across fences or walls, with another matron who wiled the worries and the moments away with loquacious sympathy. If, on the contrary, the family were young, numerous, and irresponsible, their protector would generally prefer a door-step, this being a more commanding position, so far as keeping an eye on them went, and also providing the great advantage—if she sat down in the doorway itself—of forming a sort of prison of the room at her back, in which the more mischievous units of the family might be kept in semi-control.

In this case, the socially inclined friend sometimes sat modestly on what was left of the step, but more often leaned against the door-post, in an attitude the comfort of which is greater than might be believed.

The two women who were so hopefully discussing the fate and circumstances of their mutual friend, Mrs. Miller, were thus disposed in and against a house about halfway up the street of Mary Combe. From it almost all the "street" was visible—from its beginning, down by the common, to its ending in the lane bordered by elms that led up to the church.

The scene, though no dimmest conception of the fact had even dimly presented itself at any time either to the two talkers or to any of their friends, was a sufficiently picturesque one.

The irregularity of the outlines, of the houses, their differing tints and colors, the breaks made between them by here and there a clump of trees, and here and there a larger bit of garden, or straggling bit of orchard, together with the soft green outline against the sky of the sloping ridge of field opposite that formed the "allotments," all made a whole of character and charm.

To the right of the women as they sat, lower down the street, that is to say, was the warm red brick of Dr. Meredith's garden wall; to the left, nearer the elm trees, the pointed red roof of Wilson's carpentering shed cut into the blue sky. The whole was lit by the steady radiance of the April afternoon sun, which caught and brought out vividly every stray bit of color in the dresses of the girls who were standing about in scattered knots, and the sunny hair of some of the children who might be described as being everywhere.

Well within sight of the two women in question were their respective husbands, engaged on the allotments. And Mrs. Green, the woman who had begun the discussion, had, beyond Green, no family cares to vex her soul. Not that she had never known any; on the contrary, as she herself expressed it, they "all laid in the churchyard." This meant, when explained, that she had lost six children in years gone by; a loss which brought with it a certain dignity. Mrs. Green's position was considered far more worthy of respect, for instance, than that of Mrs. Allen, who had only "buried one."

Though it is capable of a distinctly humorous aspect, the sort of sliding-scale of deference that is paid, among the poor, to those who have had heavy losses or deep trouble, possesses a curious half-hidden touch of something greater; it is a deference to, and respect for, the cause, and not the effect, that is the foundation of it.

From the statement that Mrs. Allen possessed nine little Allens to console her for the loss of that one in the past, it will be easily inferred that it was she who was sitting protectively on the door step, and Mrs. Green who leaned carelessly against the door-post.

Both women had some work in their hands; Mrs Green was knitting socks, the size and texture of which declared Green to be a man of stalwart proportions and strength; Mrs. Allen was engaged in mending a jacket, which was evidently the 'Sunday wear" of one of the nine. Her work was much interrupted by glances constantly cast in one of the three directions; first, into the street, where a detachment consisting of five of the eldest of her sons and daughters were playing just in front of the gate that led into the allotments; secondly, into the kitchen behind her, where two of a more tender age were safely immured; and lastly, to the tiny strip of garden that ran in front of the house. In the corner of this domain the oldest girl was amusing, with some difficulty, the newest baby.

She broke off in her enumeration of Mrs. Miller's disabilities to reprove the girl for the fretting cry the baby set up—a method of up-bringing of which the advantages are but dimly discerned by the recipient.

Mrs. Allen found it always difficult to break off when started on any topic—even the daily exhausted one of reproof. Consequently it was several moments before an opportunity offered for Mrs. Green to reply.

"Ah, yes, poor thing!" she exclaimed at length, with a long-drawn sigh. She did not explain whether the pity of her speech applied to Mrs. Miller or her husband, on the relations between whom some held that there were two opinions: but Mrs. Allen evidently was not among such.

"Poor thing, indeed!" she replied with a vigorous stitch to the jacket, "If I was her and had him I don't know what I shouldn't do."

"There's a many says she was a good-looking girl when she first come to Mary Comb," pursued Mrs Green. She was in an intricate part of the massive sock, and she spoke half-abstractedly, but still as one deeply interested in the topic.

"I've heard that myself," responded Mrs. Allen. "There's not much of it left to see nowadays. But the children have got a nice look with them. Thomas Benjamin!" The last apparently wholly irrelevant ejaculation was spoken over Mrs. Allen's shoulder into the kitchen, whence a terrific scraping of chairs on the stone floor had proceeded. As the same scraping subsided instantly on the sound of Mrs. Allen's voice, it is to be inferred that the words were the name of the creator. "If you don't play pretty and quiet with Emily," continued Mrs. Allen severely, "mother'll have to come to you." In the dead silence produced by this statement, Mrs. Allen turned cheerfully back to her work and her conversation as if no interruption had occurred. "Susan Hannah in particular," she continued, "is a pleasant kind of girl in looks. It's a thousand pities as she should be ill, and just heard of a place and all."

"Have they had Dr. Meredith to her?"

"Yes, to be sure they have. Had him the first day she was took. And every day since; for I've seen him go on there with my own eyes, when he's come out of Tom Wilson's.

The latter name seemed to suggest to Mrs. Green a wholly fresh train of thought.

"Ah!" she said, with a click of her knitting needles, by way of emphasis; 'she's not long for this world, poor Jane Wilson sin't."

A confirmatory and comprehensive shake of the head from Mrs. Allen greeted this assertion. And a quick stitch or two at the jacket was accompanied by an equally quick sigh of sympathy.

"I was there day before yesterday," she said a moment later; 'I never saw a face with death in it plainer, never! And it's not two years since Tom Wilson married her. She's a good ten years younger than me, too," Mrs. Allen added parenthetically.

"It seems young to go, don't it?" responded Mrs. Green. With which words both women fell into a short silence.

It was broken by a vigorously shouted scolding from Mrs. Allen to her eldest son, who was preparing to execute gymnastics on the top bar of the allotment gate.

"Just you come down off that there this minute, Ted!" were the tersely emphatic concluding words of her reproof.

Ted obeyed, seeing that his mother's eyes were fixed on him; and, having seen him safely on the ground again, Mrs. Allen returned to her work.

Meanwhile, it would appear that Mrs. Green had been casting about for a fresh subject of conversation, and had lighted upon the connecting link between the last two.

"Dr. Meredith, he's up and down street all day long, as you may say," she remarked tentatively. Her tone implied that she had a large reserve fund of interesting conversation in the topic she had started, but that before proceeding, she invited comment, so to speak, on her prelude.

And the comment was very ready.

"That he is!" responded Mrs. Allen, at once; "from mornin' to night he's at it. It's only the other day—let me see, Wednesday it was, for I see Mr. Martin drive down on his way home from market in the afternoon as I said it in the evenin'—Wednesday it was, Dr. Meredith was up at Wilson's after I'd cleared away our suppers; and as he come past our door, I saw him; and I says then to Allen that the doctor looked like one as was pretty near wore out."

"There's been a lot of people ill lately," said Mrs. Green. "And he sees to them, too. That's where it is. Look how often he come to me in my rheumatics, and me upstairs three weeks or more! I quite believe you," she added fervently, "and its the same tale everywhere. Why, I was in her house when he come in, Tuesday, to old Maria Reeves; and he looked just like a man as had done such a day's work as he felt fit to drop. I ask' him to sit down, taking it upon himself, Maria being so hard of sight and hearing; and he says, 'No, thank you, Mrs. Green; I must be off to Farleigh.' And that was seven o'clock in the evenin', that was!"

Mrs. Green paused for breath.

"I can't see, now, why he don't get some one to help him," pursued Mrs. Allen reflectively. "It's what he ought to have, that I'm very sure. If he don't do something of that he'll be making hisself ill with going here and hurrying there, and never no time to his own, as you may say."

"I'll be a pity too," prognosticated Mrs. Green, with a cheerful pleasure in her forebodings; "a terrible pity, such a good doctor as he is. But you're right; that's what he'll do. And the extra thing'll be, we shan't have no one."

Mrs. Allen was just about to confirm this view of the future, and had, indeed, lifted her head to do so, when something wholly distracted her attention, and cut off her words.

"Lor!" she exclaimed excitedly, "now who ever's that? Just you look there, Mrs. Green."

The nearest group of young people was only separated from the two by some fifty yards or so. It consisted of girls who a few moments earlier had been all engaged in unceasing chatter on some common interest, standing close together in order, presumably, each to obtain a better hearing. At this instant they were scattered and broken up, and were all staring at a stranger who had just accosted one of them.

The strange figure was that of a young man. He was tall and rather slight; so much was evident, as also was the fact that he was dressed in a suit of grey tweed, and carried a Gladstone bag in his hand.

"Lor!" responded Mrs. Green, who had not lost a moment in echoing Mrs. Allen's adjuration. And if her vocabulary was circumscribed, her emotion was not.

A stranger, that is to say a wholly unexpected stranger, was an event in Mary Combe. The advent of any of Mr. Howard's friends, who were rather like angel visitants, was always known beforehand, the news of their expected arrival being wafted about the village by his faithful manservant and factotum in plenty of time, and their appearance was therefore met with a prepared and cultivated interest.

The same principle held true of the few acquaintances who appeared as friends of their owners at any of the few farmhouses in or around the village. And it was far removed from the most adventurous walking tourist's route. An unlooked-for appearance like this was necessarily, therefore, attended by a sort of thrill of excitement.

"Some one as has missed their way!" suggested Mrs. Green, with breathlessness arising from concentration upon the centre of her surmise.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Allen, who, with her work neglected on her knee, had turned herself, the better to obtain a view of the stranger. "You just listen to hear what he's sayin' to them girls."

"It's my sister law's Emma he's talking to," said Mrs. Green excitedly, before she obeyed this mandate.

"Will you tell me the way—I mean can you tell me please, if I shall find Dr. Meredith at his house?"

The voice that spoke was clear and full; pleasantly resonant, too. And its tones were very audible to the two listening women.

"Friend of the doctor's!" exclaimed Mrs. Allen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEAUTY in itself is no doubt a great thing; but the beauty of garment, house, and furniture is tawdry, after all, compared with domestic love. All the elegance and grandeur in the world will not make a home.

THE NEW WOMAN.

Of the new fashioned woman there's much
been said—
Of her wanting to vote and a' that,
And of her desire to wear men's attire,
His coat and his vest a' that,
And a' that, and a' that
She may wear trousers and a' that
She may even ride a horse as men ride—
But a woman's a woman for a' that,
See yonder damsel passing by:
She's up to date and a' that.
She wears a man's hat, likewise his cravat,
His shirt and collar and a' that,
And a' that and a' that
His suspenders and cuffs and a' that,
But do what she can to imitate man—
A woman's a woman for a' that.
The modern maid, her form arrayed
In sweaters and bloomers and a' that,
Rides a "bike" exactly like
Her brother does and a' that.
She may wear bloomers for skirts and a' that,
Wear men's collars and shirts and a' that,
May wear vests if she will, but the fact remains still—
A woman's a woman for a' that.

Paid Up to Date.

BY L. C. D.

ELMA LOW, of Medicine Bend, was a man who, in a matter of argument, would have silenced the mouth of a cannon (with two n's. I will not go the other length). He had, in the perverted idiom of the Bend (and of some more civilized regions also), the gift of the gab. It was confidently affirmed, by men noted on the Bend for inveterate veracity, that it was Elma who talked the tail off the 'Johnstone" comet; and though many ventured to question the truth of that assertion, the only grounds they could give for doing so were that he was at that time known to be suffering from a severe attack of asthma.

When Jack Downs shot Mike Travers, and was hunted in consequence for ten days in the mountains before being captured, it was Elma Low who talked the jury, after all the trouble and risk they had had in catching him, into returning him "a vote of thanks."

The most handsome thing about Low was his Christian name. He was a tall, thin, sinewy man, with a weedy, straggling beard, and a picturesquely ugly face; and of dollars he was almost entirely destitute. It must, therefore, have been owing to the gift mentioned above that he wheedled Molly Morris into marrying him. Whereupon he took up a "homestead" and a "timber-claim" with the confidently expressed intention of raising cattle and a family.

In the settlement on the Bend there was naturally a dearth of womankind, and old Morris's daughter, with her pretty face, had had little cause for jealousy. Cowboys in passing the Morris ranche had been wont to make their horses buck to the best advantage, and in a manner that would have severely tried the seat (and found it wanting) of many a stout carcol ling knight of the olden days; rich cattle men had laid their hearts (and what is more, their purses) at Molly's pretty feet; and now their patience was sorely tried indeed, for Elma Low upon the smallest provocation would fall to and descant upon his wife's numerous perfections till, in local phraseology, "he made everybody plumb weary!"

But of all the weary listeners on these occasions none had so sore a heart as desperate Jack Downs. Until the Travers incident Jack had stood high in the favor of Molly Morris, and even now, though that unhappy event had destroyed his chances with her, he refused to acknowledge that his was the fault.

So matters went on for a while, quietly enough to all seeming, till in the spring a change for the better took place in the condition of the Low family. Elma's brother down in Arizona died quite unexpectedly, and as unexpectedly Elma found himself the possessor of several hundred dollars and a nice little "bunch" of cattle.

On his claim there was a good spring—for this reason he had taken it up; so now, making a "first payment" upon the section adjoining, he commenced to put his affairs straight, and, generally speaking, to "fix things" before setting out upon the long task of fetching his newly acquired cattle up the trail from Arizona. But to part from Molly, and for so long a time, too, was a pill of such unpleasant flavor that he deferred taking it as long as possible; so he "fixed" and "fixed" until there was no longer any possible excuse to keep him at home, and then, leaving his wife again at her father's, very reluctantly set out.

It was mid-day when he started, for he intended to "make" a ranche thirty miles south for the night; but in going through the pass about ten miles south of Medicine Bend he chanced to meet Jack Downs.

"Why, where in the world are you making for this time in the day?" asked Jack, with the cordial tone which since the Travers incident had been habitual with him

"And the same to you," replied Elma.

"Oh, just having a look round"—which was not true, for Downs, having heard that Elma was setting out that day, had been on his way to the Morris ranche, under the pretext that he wanted to see the old man about some horses, for he was starting in life as Low had done, but in horses instead of cattle. He turned his horse round and rode with Elma, who, in a long-winded, roundabout conversation, explained his whole mission and business, and generally let his tongue run away with him. He did not stop till the pair found themselves at Jack's ranche, a few miles on the road.

Elma assented willingly to stay and have something to eat; for, indeed, he was loath to hurry on a journey which was to load him daily farther from home and Molly. And when his inner man was satisfied, his tongue ran away again on the old subject, till it had sent Jack into a thoroughly exasperated and profound slumber, whereupon he persuaded himself that he had better put up there altogether for the night.

Next morning Jack watched his friend out of sight with much relief. He stood there, after Elma disappeared, for some time, motionless and thoughtful. "Old waterspout!" he said to himself, apostrophizing his departed friend. Then he turned his head towards Medicine Bend, and gazed thoughtfully up the pass. "They say where there's a will there's a way."

All unconscious that his neighbor was plotting against him with the subtlety of true villainy, Elma journeyed on, striking into the trail at Hunter's Lake, and so, for a period of several months, passed out of the life of the settlement.

* * * * * *

The amount of business done between "old man Morris" and Jack Downs during the next few months became the talk of the Bend; and when people presently began to chaff the latter familiarly about it he said nothing, but smiled knowingly, and let them draw their own inferences. But so artfully did he conceal from Mrs. Low the true reason of his frequent visits that she failed to see anything peculiar in them. She had always been accustomed to a great deal more than her fair share of flattery and attention from the men about her.

The shooting of Mike Travers was an affair long past, and now almost forgotten; and it must be remembered that, according to the standard and verdict of the Bend, Jack had been perfectly in the right in that matter, and had even found himself popular on account of it—Mike had been no loss to the settlement; and so gradually, and in all innocence on Molly's part, the old friendly footing had become re-established between them.

But the months passed on, and autumn came, and now Elma was expected back.

It was the first week in November before Mrs. Low received the longed-for letter to say that her husband, if all went well, would reach home about a week later.

Several days of that time went by, when one morning Jack Downs rode into the settlement—it was not his custom, as he generally cut straight across. On his way out to old Morris he talked freely with several men whom he met, spoke lightly of Molly, and one man called him a "liar." He reached the ranche—the old man was out; and an hour later Jack and Mrs. Low were riding across the bridge together. Several men had congregated there, and the one who had called Jack a liar would have stopped him and spoken, but he saw that Mrs. Low looked pale and downcast, and he put his own construction to the look—perhaps also he noticed another kind of look in Jack's eye as it met his—and was silent.

So all stood aside, arguing, perhaps, that "it was not their funeral," and that if they interfered it might be, and let the pair pass, and wondered. And for some time they speculated as to whose would be the next funeral at Medicine Bend, Elma Low being made the favorite—although the other had the record—at three to two.

When Mr. Morris returned to the ranche he rode up to the door as was his wont, and leaving his horse standing, went in to see that things were all right and to receive his daughter's usual welcome. He called her by her name, and wondered where she was, for it was with'n an hour of sundown. But when he went to the stable he found that her horse was out.

"Gone down to the settlement," he said mentally; "I wonder what after." Such a proceeding on her part was nothing unusual.

Then he looked to the wants of his horse, and putting a feed into the "feed-box" of hers too, went back to the house. The fire was out. "She must ha' been gone a good while," he thought, as he lit it again; and he was just putting on the kettle in readiness for supper when one of his "hands" returned.

"Seen anything of Molly, John?" He spoke always of his daughter as "Molly."

"No; why?" asked John, without looking up. He was one of the men who had been backing Elma down at the bridge.

"She's out; down at the Bend, I expect. Ain't much else to go to. Hadn't you better set about getting some supper? I'm hungry; how is it with you?"

Without noticing the question John took a stick from the stove and lighted his pipe, then went out and commenced to chop wood and whistle, and very lugubriously he whistled too.

Presently the old man called to him: "John, I wish the girl was back, I don't much like the look of that bank," pointing to a gray bank of clouds in the western horizon. "We don't often get much of a storm from there this time o' year, but it looks risky."

Darkness set in. They finished supper, but still Mrs. Low had not returned. A strong wind had sprung up from the west, and the old man walked again and again to the door. A fine snow was beginning to drive against the windows, and the siding of the house cracked and creaked.

"I suppose the girl's all right, John?" said the old man, seating himself uneasily.

"Bless you, yes; she's stopped down at the Bend; no cause to fear about her; she knows," replied John confidently.

But for all that Mr. Morris did not sit still long. "I suppose I'm getting old and simple," he said presently. "I wish you would put the saddle on my horse, and I'll go down to the Bend and see after her."

"Not on such a night as this!" exclaimed John, going to the door and looking out. The snowstorm had now become a driving blizzard. "I don't know about old, but if you go out on such a night as this you'd certainly be simple."

"Come, do as I tell you, there's a good man, while I put some warmer clothes on; it won't be so awful bad going down with the storm to the settlement, but o' course we couldn't get back"

And from the absent yet decided way in which the old man spoke his man knew that he meant to go.

"Then I shall go along too, so there'll be two to laugh at," said John as he put on a "slicker" and drew a cap down over his ears.

"Don't be such a fool!"

"Two fools is better than one."

So together they sallied out and drifted with the storm.

It was the first storm of the season, and an early one. The snow was not so fine and powdery as it would have been later on in the intense cold of winter, and consequently it was driven straight ahead and did whirl; setting as it did nearly straight to the Bend, they reached the store without much difficulty. Had they missed it, "Things would have looked sort o' risky," as John remarked.

This store at the Bend was also the post-office of the settlement, and the hotel. When the proprietor saw the old man out on such a night he was not surprised at his first question, and in fact had anticipated it.

"Seen anything of Molly to-day?"

"Mrs. Low? Yes."

"Then she's all right?"

"Oh, yes, she's all right."

Mrs. Morris noticed nothing in the way it was said; he saw only the answer to his question, and was happy and relieved, for he had certainly had a presentiment that things were not all right.

"Got room in your stable for two horses?" he asked cheerily.

"More room than oats."

"Where is the girl?" asked the father, looking round when he regained the store.

There were several storm-bound men sitting tilted back against the wall. Only a few minutes ago these same men, who now looked upon the old man with grave and pitying eyes, had been talking and laughing boisterously over that day's "scandalous elopement."

"She said she would stop the night with Mrs. Dale," the storekeeper said, not venturing the truth; and the old man retired to sleep the sleep of the just.

For some time the other men stayed up and talked quietly together, but there was no sound of laughter again in the store that night; and soon no sound at all, save the violent fitful gusts of the storm without. Even these grew less and less frequent towards morning, and before day-break all nature, mantled in white, was hushed to rest.

The sun and Mr. Morris both came up smiling, and about the same time; but the former out-smiled the latter. For when the old man learnt, little by little, all that Medicine Bend had to tell him of his daughter, he sat in the store, with his head bowed down, like a prosperous man suddenly broken up in business.

He hated to stay there, and yet he had not the strength to go. The men beside him offered him but rough though well-meant consolation. Some said, "Cheer up, old man!" Others, wise ones, said that he should have foreseen what would happen; and, laying the blame upon himself, he preferred these latter. Until the evening he sat there, rarely looking up.

Then it was that Elma Low rode up to the store and sat a while on his horse outside. He had just returned, was "right glad to be back again." He was in his merriest mood; he had a "how d'ye do" and a hearty hand-shake for all; agreed it had been a tough night; told how he had "bedded down" the cattle about fifteen miles south; didn't want to drive them through the snow, they were tired enough, so thought he would just go on ahead and see how the Bend was—"going it?"

And so for some time he ran on, first to one, then to another. He had so much to tell that it was a long time before he noticed anything peculiar in the manner of the men about him. Then suddenly a light broke in upon him, and he saw that something was amiss in the settlement.

"Why, what's up, fellows? Anybody lost last night? Something happened on the Bend? Anybody dead?"

"No, Elma, not dead; worse yet!" It was the old man's greeting. He had tottered out to the door and joined the group.

Then again, little by little, the strong man learnt the hard lesson that had added more years to his father-in-law than he was like to carry. They who had expected him to launch out were disappointed. He leant upon his horse the while, sideways, but said nothing. The old man went back to his chair. By the time one after another had told all there was to tell, Elma had come to the base conclusion that there is no good on earth. He took his pistol from its holster, and the storekeeper stood aside, thinking he might be dangerous, but he only dusted and replaced it; and as he did so he said "Jack."

Later on he whetted an ominous looking knife twice across the "candle" of his saddle, and the only two men who heard what he said as he returned it to its sheath never repeated the words. Then, as he turned his horse round and would have ridden away, the proprietor of the store called out, asking whether he was going home or to the Morris ranche.

"No, not home," he replied sarcastically. Then, with forced simplicity, he added: "I just want to have a look round at Jack Down's ranche first, boys; I fancy he's got a horse or two might suit me."

The first one man said, "I want a horse or two myself;" then another, "I'm going up that way myself;" but Elma stopped them, saying—

"I don't mind your company, but, mind you, I make this trade alone!"

It was night when Elma Low and some half a dozen others rode out from Medicine Bend, but not very dark on account of the snow.

When the old man asked where Elma had gone to, they told him that he had "gone home." Then, getting their horses, he and John went home too.

Elma and his party rode on through the night. They did not go by way of the pass, for they knew that the snow must have drifted heavily into it; but they took a longer round, skirting the bluffs. At last they came in sight of Jack Down's ranche. The house was a small "frame" shanty of but one story; a faint light glimmered from the west window, and threw the shadows of the men like giants on the snow, as they surrounded the house.

When all were stationed Elma went to the door and knocked loudly. No one answered. He lifted the latch and walked in; as he did so the lamp flickered up and went out.

* * * * * *

When Mrs. Low and Jack Downs left the Bend together they rode to the latter's ranche almost without exchanging a word. They went by way of the pass, and as they entered the "neck" the wind was blowing hard and the sky was overcast. Mrs. Low did not notice these things, but Jack noted the change with satisfaction. By the time they had traversed the pass and came out again into the open on the other side, the snow drifted heavily across them as they rode; but the storm was not yet a regular blizzard, and besides, the full fury of the wind was somewhat broken by the bluffs. Mrs. Low did not know how stiff and tired the riding and facing the storm had made her until they arrived at last within the enclosure around the house, and she, dismounting, found it at first difficult to stand.

"You run to the house, light a lamp, and look after Elma," said Jack, as he lifted her to the ground; "I'll see to the horses." Then, as she turned away, he began hastily to take off the saddles; having done that, he led the horses by their bridles down to the gate of the enclosure; here he unbridled them and let them go. His own, he knew, would not drift far from home; hers, he thought, would find its way home again after the storm abated. As he closed the gate and turned towards the house again he saw the light of the lamp, which glimmered faintly through the storm.

A hurricane was blowing. He stopped for some minutes under the lee of the stable to think; his plans were not yet fully laid. What he had thought to be the hardest part of the task was certainly accomplished, but how to carry out the whole plot he certainly did not quite see. Old Morris, he thought, would easily fall into the views of Medicine Bend; perhaps he would seek revenge, but this Jack did not dread, as he knew that he had carried out everything so well that no one would side against him; as far as the Bend was concerned the general feeling would be rather against Mrs. Low than against himself.

But how about Elma? He must in some way waylay him as returned, or, come the worst, they would fight it out, and, being a desperate man, he was quite willing to take his chances on the outcome. He was a desperate man playing a reckless game, and, moreover, he had this advantage, that he knew Elma well enough, he thought, to suppose that, after what he would hear at the Bend, he would have nothing more to do with his wife, perhaps even would not give her another thought. But he had summed up without hearing the defence.

When Mrs. Low hastily lighted the lamp, expecting to see her husband lying there—left there in the dark, poor man!—perhaps mortally, wounded, and saw nothing, she was thunder-stricken; in a glance she saw that the bed on which she had been told that she would find him lying had not been occupied, nor were there any other signs in the house that he had been there at all. Instantly the conviction came upon her that she was the victim of a trick, and a trick of the basest kind.

Recollections of many little incidents, gone unnoticed at the time, flashed into her memory. She remembered then how Jack had once sworn that she should be no other man's but his, and her thought was to escape. She opened the door to listen; the wind howled against the latch; the snow nearly blinded her. Wrapping her cloak more tightly round her, and feeling a new strength in her weary limbs, she opened the door wide and fled out into the night.

So it was that when Jack, delaying now that the final step was reached, returned to the house at last he found the door open and the house empty.

Had she then found him out? If so, she must be in hiding. He searched the shanty (no very difficult task) in every crevice, but found nothing; then the stable, and round the haystack, with a similar result. Was it possible that she had struck clean out on such a night? She must be crazy! Was he much better? No!

Winding a comforter about his neck, he ran out, first this way and then that, wildly. Then he stopped to think, suddenly, for the thought struck him that she had, like a horse, struck out for home—through the pass. So his futile, uncertain search turned to a fixed course; he ran, nor did he notice how far, till he gained the opening of the pass.

Here the snow became deeper, and he foundered laboriously through it, trying to listen now and again in hopes that he might hear the "crunching" of snow ahead. All up through the pass, to the very neck, he struggled on; and here, full three miles from his house, himself utterly exhausted, he found her, beneath an overhanging rock, sunk down in a crouching position, asleep.

At his touch she roused slightly from her lethargy and called feebly, "Elma, Elma, help!" and the rock above answered mockingly, "Help!" Then she was still again.

Jack, exhausted, watched the snow drifting in front of them; it could not reach them beneath the rock, but was building up a white wall in front of it, and he realized that they would soon be hedged in. He waited as long as he dared to wait to regain his wasted strength, and then, raising her in his arms, plunged out through the drift and into the storm again.

As Mrs. Low felt herself being lifted she tried to scream, and with what feeble strength she had remaining she beat at his face with her fist; but in the blinding storm he did not feel her blows. He waded on, struggling with his burden, until his own limbs grew stiff and numb. He had not made more than a hundred yards' progress, and as the utter hopelessness of his task and his own helplessness was borne in upon him, he sank with her to the ground. Still he had strength enough remaining to draw her back beneath the bluffs, where the ground was bare under their slight shelter.

"Molly," he said, placing her as comfortably as he could, "I lied to you, but I loved you, and looked on until I couldn't stand it any longer" (he had to stop to catch his breath) "I was crazy, maybe, but I couldn't help it—and, maybe, I'm crazy yet. But now it's over with us—it's our last journey, and we've made the running—can you forgive me?"

He had leaned over her as he said this, his voice growing more feeble as he went on. Her lips parted, but no sound came from them.

"Here's the letter," he continued feebly, and he placed a little folded paper in her open hand. "I snatched it." He could say no more, and sank back.

Her little fingers closed tightly upon the paper—it was the note she had written and left for her father; and then, although she could move neither hand nor foot, she knew what Medicine Bend—and what Elma—would think. As they lay it happened that Jack was to the windward; he recognized the fact and would have moved so that his body sheltered hers, but his limbs were powerless—it was too late. And so, side by side, this ill-assorted couple fell asleep.

And although his eyes stood open, they did not see the morning break a little later; nor did they know that all day the sun smiled down upon them, as is its wont upon the just and upon the unjust—upon the living and the dead.

* * * * * *

When Elma opened the door of Jack Downs' house, he of course found the place empty. Trying to relight the lamp, he found that it had really burnt itself out, and had needed only the slightest concussion to extinguish the dying flame.

The night was well advanced towards morning when he and his companions turned for home; and, why I know not, they elected to go back by way of the pass.

On account of the depth of snow they did not ride, but walked and led their horses, picking their way along under the bluffs, where in places the ground was bare of snow in patches intersected by heavy drifts.

Elma, who led the party, was vowing dire vengeance anew upon Jack Downs and upon his wife wherever and whenever he should find them. But when, near the neck of the pass, he did really come upon them together (just as he had wished)—in truth he had nearly fallen over their bodies—he started violently back and called up his companions.

As one of them threw a light upon Molly's sweet upturned face, all thought of revenge fell from him, and he stood awhile as a man turned to stone. All his bitter feelings turned to grief, and he would in that moment have given his own life that she might regain hers.

"Dead," said one of the men beside him.

"Yes—both dead." Elma's voice was broken as he bent down. "And to think this is as I wished it might be—and that I might have done it. . . . No! I don't think I should."

When the men with Elma saw him raise the listless body of his wife into a sitting posture and lay the head upon his knee, they withdrew to a distance.

Day was breaking.

In the hazy dawn some fancied that they saw him press the fair hair back from off the white forehead, and bend down—and perhaps they saw aright.

When the gates of morning opened the soft light shone upon a man from whom all bitterness, save that of grief, had departed. But the first ray of sunshine, looking down over the edge of the drift and touching his silk neckerchief and her wayward hair as one with gold, lent a new light from heaven to her sweet pale face. . . .

The eyes of the weak, frail woman opened slowly, and she awakened as from a troubled dream.

"Oh, Elma! Elma!"

"Molly! Darling!"

They who saw say that a great light fell upon Elma's homely, weather beaten face, and that from that hour he was a pleasant-looking man.

But the strong man who lay beside them, he who should have withstood by far the greater hardship, slept on. . . .

For the wages of Sin is Death.

"HIGH FALUTIN."—A paper in Cincinnati was very much given to 'high-falutin" on the subject of "this great country," until a rival paper somewhat modified its continual bounce with the following burlesque:

"This is a glorious country! It has longer rivers and more of them, and they are muddier and deeper, and run faster, and rise higher, and make more noise, and fall lower, and do more damage than anybody else's rivers. It has more lakes, and they are bigger, and deeper, and clearer, and wetter than those of any other country. Our rail cars are bigger, and run faster, and pitch off the track oftener, and kill more people than all other rail-cars in this and every other country. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers oftener, and send up their passengers higher, and the captains swear harder than steamboat captains in any other country. Our men are bigger, and longer, and thicker, can fight harder and faster, and drink more bad whisky, and chew more bad tobacco, than those of any other country. Our ladies are richer, prettier, dress finer, spend more money, break more hearts, wear shorter dresses, and kick up generally to a greater extent than all other ladies in all other countries. Our children squall louder, grow faster, get too expansive for their pantaloons, and become twenty years old sooner by some months than any other children of any other country on the earth."

CACAO.—Cacao is a small evergreen tree, like our apple, growing from fifteen to forty-five feet high, is a native of tropical America, but has been introduced into Africa, where it has escaped from cultivation in some localities, and may now be found growing wild.

It bears a somewhat egg-shaped pointed pod, furrowed into ten ridges, from five to twelve inches long, with a number of seeds buried in a sweet pulp. It is from the seeds that is derived the nutritive fat, about fifty per cent. of the whole, which is used as a food both in the fresh and dried state.

Roasted and divested of their husks, they are known as "cacao nibs;" ground into a paste and sweetened and flavored, they yield "chocolate," the most important product of the tree; the nibs alone, either ground or unground, or in a crude paste, yield "cacao," erroneously called "cocoa;" with the oil thoroughly extracted, the dried powder yields "broma;" the husks alone furnish an article known as "cacao shells;" while the oil from the seeds is known as "cacao butter," which, with a chocolate like taste and odor, is solid at ordinary temperature, and is used for soaps, pomatums, suppositories, and like purposes.

The cacao-tree, like the nutmeg and a number of other tropical growths, produces a curious impression, from the fact that the flowers and pods, grow directly out of the bark of the trunk and branches, seemingly without any stalks, and not at the ends of the smaller stems.

DOZBER. "Do you think that constantly wearing a hat has a tendency to make a man bald?" Jazlin: "No; but when a man is bald I've noticed that it has a tendency to make him constantly wear his hat."

Scientific and Useful.

PLATINUM.—Platinum can be soldered like other metals. The parts to be soldered must be made clean, and a thin electro deposit of copper made upon the surface, when it can be soldered with tin.

NERVOUS HEADACHE.—A vibrating helmet, for the cure of nervous headaches, has been devised by a French physician. It is constructed of slips of steel, put in vibration by a small electro-motor, which makes 600 turns a minute. The sensation, which is described as not unpleasant, produces drowsiness; the patient falls asleep under its influence, and awakes to find that the pain has ceased.

TO HARDEN WAX.—To harden wax for mechanical uses, melt the wax and add to it hot calcined plaster or any of the ochres, previously heated. The amount used depends upon the quality of the wax. The addition of resin will increase the hardness. This mixture can be cast, wrought with a knife, chisel, or a saw, or turned in a lathe. In fact, it can be used for a variety of useful purposes.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—On the London district railway, by an automatic mechanism, the name of each station is now shown in every carriage before the station is reached. This was made necessary by the fact that on the stations themselves the names are completely lost by the advertisements that cover the walls, yet the cost of the improvement is to be met by surrounding the names that are shown by the machine with more advertisements.

ARMOR CLAD TIMBER.—A Baltimore inventor has hit upon the idea of making armor clad timber. He takes any piece of timber, it seems, its shape or size being of no consequence, and, having laid a thin sheet of metal on one of its surfaces, passes it through a series of rollers, which is said to fasten the timber and metal immovably together. He claims that wood so treated is proof against fire, water and vermin. It is covered with three coats of paint, and is estimated to cost one cent per square foot.

Farm and Garden.

TURNIP SPROUTS.—It is stated that the Swede turnip placed in comparatively warm cellars in the fall of the year will send out sprouts, which, when cooked, are equal to the best asparagus; and, in some parts of the Old World, it is becoming a regular part of good gardening to put away a few turnips for supplying the article during the winter season.

SHEEP.—Experiments show that sheep of seven to ten months old can be made to gain 14 pounds for every 100 pounds of digestible material consumed, while those of 18 months old will make a gain of but 8 pounds. It is difficult to get a profit from feeding old sheep, and any sheep can be made to gain as much in 10 weeks as is usually done in five months. There is but one way to success.

BIRD SCARERS.—The stuffed calico cats, made of print cloth stamped with the picture of a tabby and stuffed with cotton into quite a lifelike counterfeit of the animal, which were a common toy with children a few years ago, have been put to a novel use lately in Lincoln County, Me. The farmers have fastened the calico cats up among the branches of their fruit trees, and it is said they most effectually scare away predatory birds. It would seem the idea could be extended into the making of lifelike stuffed calico huntsmen for use as scarecrows in cornfields and melon patches.

MUSHROOM CULTURE.—Many florists have found that they can combine raising mushrooms and flowers for cutting in the same houses, and in this way make a double profit from the same amount of glass. Usually, these combined houses have been roses and mushrooms, or carnations and mushrooms; but even the vegetable growers are now finding that they can get double crops in this way. In many parts of the country, it is found very profitable to raise tomatoes under glass; and it is found that tomatoes and mushrooms go very well together.

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Self-Occupied.

Among those "hints for books" which Dickens took in manuscript, there is one, and a good one, of the man whose vista is always stopped up by the image of himself; who looks down a long walk, and cannot see round himself, or over himself, or beyond himself; who is always blocking up his own way, and for whom it would be such a good thing if he could knock himself down.

Speaking of a certain reserve that is necessary when we talk of ourselves and our own concerns, Adam Smith observes that for want of this reserve the one half of mankind make bad company to the other. Swift, in his essay on conversation lays stress on that particular as well as general fault, the talking always about oneself—the habit some indulge of running over, without ceremony, the history of their lives, relating the annals even of their diseases, with the several symptoms and circumstances of them, and enumerating the hardships and injustice they have suffered in love, or in law.

Others, again, make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strangest men in the world; they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly; they have lost abundance of advantages by it; but, if you give them the world, they cannot help it, there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity and constraint—"with many other insufferable topics of the same attitude"—of such mighty importance is every man to himself, and ready to think he is to others. There is a perverse but common habit of viewing things not for themselves, but solely as they suggest opportunity of display and can be twisted into an occasion for thrusting self forward.

A great deal of the folly of the world, observes an essayist on the subject, consists in people thinking themselves wiser than all the rest of mankind, because they are too curiously possessed and preoccupied by themselves to entertain the claims of others, or to conceive of merit outside their personal consciousness. "As vanity is always thinking of itself, it follows, being the transparent thing it is, that it always exclusively talks of self, and brings everything round to self." This is justly enough deemed its really intolerable characteristic.

The vain man may flourish himself before our eyes in whatever aspect he pleases, and our temper remains serenely indulgent; it is the extreme tension in which he holds our civility while we have to listen that is the real trial; it is the "insufferable proximity" of a being who, in the vast world of interests, and in the presence of our particular interests, will hold us inexorably fixed to the concerns, the acts and the sayings of his own "vain and puffed up self."

Not that vanity is invariably the cause of perpetually reverting to self; mere paucity of ideas and deadness of fancy admittedly drive some people into it who have a willingness to talk, and yet so little perception of things out of themselves that nothing apart from their own routine of sensation presents itself to say. But vanity is of course in most cases the leading motive. And a very tiresome next neighbor at dinner is the man of whom we know nothing, but who tells us of his "prospects, his antecedents, his chances, his family affairs, his antagonisms and rivalries, his articles, his verses, his pamphlets, his inventions"—who is tethered to himself, but has you well in hand too.

By some estimates, however, scarcely less unpleasant is the self-occupation of morbid self-consciousness. To be always thinking about your manners, is not the way to make them good, because the very perfection of manners is not to think about yourself. The essence of social intercourse being the interchange of ideas as they arise actually in the minds of the speakers, the excellence of it, it is argued, must consist in complete unconsciousness; the farther you recede from that—and there are infinite degrees—however clever your conversation, the less you have of the nature of a companion and the more of a book; so that consciousness is the specific poison of that which is the very essence of conversation. "All disregard of self too is so amiable that unconsciousness seems to be almost a virtue."

Thackeray shrewdly maintained that it is only a few men who attain simplicity in early life; if this man has his conceited self-importance to be cured of, that other has his conceited bashfulness to be taken out of him. You have a disquiet which you try to hide, and you put on a haughty guarded manner; you are suspicious of the goodwill of the company round about you, or of the estimation in which they hold you, and you therefore sit mum at table—it is not your place to "put yourself forward."

You are thinking of yourself, that is; you are suspicious about that personage and everybody else; "that is, you are frank; that is, you are not well-bred; that is, you are not agreeable." Doctor Channing expatiates in his letters on what he calls the mystery of diffidence—as at first sight an indication of selfishness, a proof that a man is busy always with himself, anxious how he shall be viewed.

The rational and moral mode proposed for overcoming it consists in self-culture and self respect; in resolving to be, not to seem, worthy of regard; in estimating ourselves wisely, and feeling that others' judgments make us neither better nor worse; in becoming self-forgetful by taking a generous interest in others.

We improve, he insists, without intending, without knowing it, by mere intercourse with great minds; and perhaps direct effort is chiefly important as preparing us for these more greatly-pervading influences, for the best growth is that which we do not rigidly determine; and there should be accordingly a wise abandonment of ourselves to good influences.

"We must not too anxiously seek self-formation. This may prevent free, natural development." There may be, on his showing, a nervousness about spiritual as well as physical health, a killing of our strength by medicine, a want of trust in wholesome ailment, air, exercise and light.

JUST as the seed that is sown in the earth reproduces its own kind, not merely once or twice, but a hundredfold, so every thought and act tends to repeat itself and bring forth a harvest of its own. This is a consequence which, if for evil, never can be escaped, and, if for good, never will disappoint. A fraud may escape detection, but no art can keep it from sullying the character and degrading the man. A generous sentiment or an heroic deed may pass unnoticed, unheard by human ear, unseen by human eye, but no privacy can prevent it from entering into the very texture of character and helping to make it true and strong.

YOU are well off when you are in a healthy neighborhood, with enough to eat and drink, a comfortable, well-ventilated apartment to sleep in, and you are paying all your expenses and laying up something—even slowly—for a rainy day, and, in addition to all this, acquiring knowledge and strengthening your character. Young men whose situation combines all the preceding advantages should be very cautious about exchanging such a certainty unless it be for another certainty. Happiness does not depend upon great wealth so much as it does upon independence and intellectual and moral culture.

TRUE good breeding is always inclined to form a favorable judgment, and to give others the credit of being actuated by worthy motives. It does not wish or seem to know, more about people than they themselves desire should be known; but it is always prepared, when necessary, to take an interest in the affairs of others, while self is not suffered to obtrude unduly. In a superior it never reminds an inferior, by tone or gesture, of his position; in an inferior it never apes equality.

THE detestable habit of talking of people rather than of things opens the way to abuses we might check with a word if we would. If the art of conversation were taught and encouraged as it should be, were we as far advanced in civilization as we believe ourselves, we should get rid of the incubus of personality, and with it of a great deal of undeserved obloquy, and the burrowing destruction of small treacheries and unnoted dishonor.

THERE are four characters in those who sit under the wise, says the Talmud—a sponge, a funnel, a strainer and a bolt-sieve—a sponge, which sucks up all; a funnel, which lets in here and lets out there; a strainer, which lets out the wine and keeps back the dregs; a bolt-sieve, which lets out the chaff and keeps back the flour.

THOSE persons who creep into the hearts of most people—who are chosen as the companions of their softer hours, and their reliefs from care and anxiety—are never persons of shining qualities or strong virtues. It is rather the soft green of the soil on which we rest our eyes that are fatigued with beholding more glaring objects.

HOPE is a vigorous principle; it is furnished with light and heat to advise and execute; it sets the head and heart to work, and animates a man to do his utmost. And thus, by perpetually pushing and assurance, it puts a difficulty out of countenance, and makes a seeming impossibility give way.

THE unfaithful man is an enemy to his neighbor and an enemy to society, but a far worse enemy to himself. He may rob them of money, of time, of happiness, of their rights; but he robs himself of character, which is more valuable than all the rest.

OUR hopes are usually bigger than the enjoyment can satisfy; and an evil long feared, besides that it may never come, is many times more painful and troublesome than the evil itself when it comes.

UNHAPPY is he who desires to die so long as there remains to him one sacrifice to make, one joy to create, troubles to prevent, tears to dry.

PATIENCE is a very difficult grace sometimes, for there are no music and banners, no sudden enthusiasm to bear one along in her heavenly train.

LOVE of truth shows itself in discovering and appreciating what is good wherever it may exist.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MABEL.—The cavy is a small animal like the guinea-pig. It is a rodent, having very short tail, or none at all, and bearing some likeness to a pig. It is a native of America.

T. R. M.—Practically, every point in the circumference of a wheel in motion travels with the same velocity; but, in theory, supposing the earth to be a sphere, the top of the wheel will pass over a longer arc than the bottom in the same time, on the same principle that a man's head travels farther than his feet in traveling over the arc of a circle hence, as the top of the wheel goes over greater distance than the bottom in any given time, the top must travel at a greater speed than the bottom.

LIRIANFA.—The phrase "casting out devils," as used in the Scriptures, was a form of expression suited to the time and the people in relation to which it was used. All utterances of this class have been adapted to the state and stage of development. Thus Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, although, as a matter of fact, the sun did not move. The ideas prevalent among a people must be utilized in teaching them. The people believed in possession by spirits, and so this form of expression was employed.

WOSNIAKOWSKA.—The Shakers were an outgrowth from the Society of Friends in Manchester about one hundred and twenty years ago. They came to America in consequence of a vision which Ann Lee—"Mother Ann"—their first leader, had. There are still more than a dozen communistic settlements in the State adopting the Shaker faith; but we are not aware of any settlement in England. Among their beliefs are the leadership of women, perfect chastity, spiritual perfection, present-day revelation, the "sacred and priestly duty of labor," and community of goods.

LEO C. R.—The phrase "in Chancery" applies to the trust under which the estate it held. Some question has arisen as to the distribution of a property, or there is delay until some life expires, or a certain lease falls in, or some minor comes of age. Meanwhile the Court of Chancery acts as trustee in managing the property, and moneys due to the estate are paid into court. If you have an interest in the estate, a solicitor can ascertain for you at any time how the matter stands. The length of time that cases run on is sometimes very great: but, if the business is ripe for adjudication, an applicatin can at any time be made to the Court to proceed in the matter. Such an application can be made at the suit of any interested party. You must consult a solicitor: there is no other way of proceeding.

DYSART.—We have no words to express our loathing of the men—countless in number—who keep up engagements with women for many years, thus absorbing their affections and thoughts during the best part of their lives, and who then, when youth is gone and solitariness remains for the woman if she should remain unmarried, cast her off, fail to fulfil the obligations acknowledged for years, and possibly turn for companionship to younger women. We should be sorry to assume that your lover is a scoundrel of this description, but the only alternative is the one we have stated—namely, that some foreboding of trouble, for you as well as for himself, or some haunting whim has taken possession of him, and that his better and real feelings are overlaid and warped by these broodings. In either case it is better to come to a clear understanding. Why do you not seek an interview?

POETRY.—The song you ask for will be found in the fifth volume of Tennyson's works, Idylls of the King, "Merlin and Vivien."

It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute
And, ever widening, slowly silence all.

Vivien is the embodiment of a cunning, beautiful, and false woman, who by her entanglements seduces and puts to shame a wise man who half suspects but dallies with her. In history and fable she is a parallel of Delilah with Samson, Cleopatra with Antony, Dejanira with Hercules. The burden of her song is the burden of the song of all false women, "Trust me not at all, or all in all." By trusting her Merlin reveals his secret to her, and teaches her to bind him in his own enchantments. Thus his own acquirements become his ruin.

VIOLET.—We expect that when you begin to think closely about your question, "Which do the most good in the world—married or unmarried women?" you will find the comparison exhibits an almost ludicrous disproportion. A large amount of the good done by women is irrespective of their being married or single. For example, a woman may do good by simply walking along the street with an air of kindness, sweetness, and grace. There are women whose appearance will cause all men of refinement to feel ready to give thanks. But that is irrespective of whether the lady is married or single. You may not know which, and yet feel the blessing. To make your comparison fairly you must eliminate all usefulness that is independent of wifehood or spinsterhood; and you must not ask whether most good comes to the world through women who happen to be married or who happen to be single, but whether most good comes essentially through spinsterhood or marriage. Put in that way, the question is absurd. Motherhood utterly swamps all other considerations. A woman is all important when married whereas very little good is essentially dependent upon spinsterhood.

RECONCILED.

BY J. C.

We parted where the shadows crept
Along the valley, damp and chill,
And low the wailing breezes swept
Around the solitary hill;
And love was beaten back with Pride
With angry word and bitter speech,
Till, pausing where the paths divide,
We turned in silence each from each.

Dear, lay thine hand in mine once more,
In perfect trust of heart and mind;
Turn to the happier days before—
Leave we the darker hours behind,
From Life's dark Path new hopes are born,
The jarring discords slowly cease;
And through an ever-brightening morn
Sweet Love walks hand in hand with Peace.

Captain Rooke.

BY F. M. F.

DOUBTLESS these last years of the vanishing nineteenth century can boast of many triumphs, scientific and otherwise, over a similiar period towards the close of the eighteenth, but in one respect at least our ancestors in those days had a decided advantage over us. When they had to travel from one part of the country to the other they could make the journey a highly pleasurably excursion, instead of a dull rapid flight over iron roads, imprisoned in a close compartment with half a dozen strangers.

They could accomplish the distance in leisurely fashion in their own carriages or in post-chaises, stopping to admire the scenery or visit sports of interest, and enjoying the piquant excitement of possible encounter with the still-existing knights of the road, who were invariably courteous to ladies.

Now it befell on a pleasant May day in the year of grace 17—that the young lady who was mistress of Greatorex Manor entered her carriage at her own door, for the purpose of traveling to London, in order to visit some friends during the gay month of balls and entertainments.

Her own horses would take her two stages on the road, and she would post the remainder of the distance, as she meant to travel through the night, sleeping comfortably in her barouche, her maid having been sent on in advance with the luggage.

Fair and bright as the spring itself, Cicely Greatorex made a charming picture in her tight fitting riding habit—the traveling costume of ladies in her day—with a hat and feathers poised on the masses of her fair hair drawn high over a cushion; in her hand she carried a gold-mounted switch, on the end of which she now and then benevolently fixed a cake and handed it out through the carriage window to her old coachman.

A very free and independant young lady she was, though only two and-twenty—for her parents lay at rest in the family vault, and no brother or sister existed to dispute her rights as sole and absolute possessor of the old manor and all its dependencies.

The shades of evening were falling by the time they had passed the second stage of the journey—where her own horses had been left, and were proceeding onward with a pair of posters.

The rural road was none of the best. Deep ruts swayed the heavy carriage from side to side, and the tall trees of the wood through which they were passing obscured the faint light that lingered in the darkling sky. The coachman did not perceive that he was skirting a deep and wide ditch on one side, and to avoid a fallen tree on the other he went too near the edge, the ponderous carriage toppled right over, and in another moment the horses were on their backs in the ditch, struggling with their legs kicking in the air.

The coachman had sprung off involuntarily, in time to save himself, and stood half dazed on the road, with his cocked hat and wig somewhat discomposed on his head, and his long whip in his hand. His thought was for his lady, but little active Cicely made no difficulty in scrambling out of the carriage window, and shaking her skirts free of all entanglement she soon stood unharmed by her retainer's side.

"The poor horses," she exclaimed, "see to them at once, Jasper," and she straightway aided him with all her might in the difficult task. It was impossible to extricate them without cutting the traces to pieces, and when at last they were got out of the ditch and dragged somehow onto the road it was seen that both were bleeding and seriously injured, while one was clearly hopelessly lamed.

"Whatever be we to do?" said Jasper, his eyebrows going up almost into his wig in his perplexity. "We cannot go another step with these poor beasts, Madam Greatorex."

"No, that is plain enough," said Cicely, "and you could not get the carriage out of the ditch without help, though I do not think it is much the worse, it went over so easily." She pondered for a moment, then looking around her she exclaimed: "Stay! Is not this Winton Wood?"

"Ah, that it be," said Jasper.

"Then all is well. We are within a mile of the hall, and I can go and ask Mrs. Winton to take me in for the night. She will be delighted, and I shall like to see her, so there is no difficulty at all about it. As to you, Jasper, you must get these poor horses back to the post-house as best you can, and in the morning you must hire another pair and some men to help you to right the carriage, and then you must come to fetch me at Winton Hall."

Jasper remarked to himself sotto voice that there never was such a clever damsel as his young madam, but aloud he only said:

"Sure and I can do your bidding, madam; still, bean't you afeared to walk through the wood by yourself, my dear lady, there might be bogies."

"Not a bit of it," she said laughing; "if I meet any bogies I'll rap them over the head with my switch; it is all right, Jasper, it is a lovely night and I shall enjoy my walk; you go your ways and I shall go mine."

And with a compassionate pat on the drooping heads of the two poor horses, Cicely started off with her springing step, telling the coachman as she bade him goodnight to be sure and bring the carriage for her as early as he could the next morning.

The walk was in truth very pleasant in the mild night air. Soon she emerged on the high road, and a few minutes more brought her to a small side gate in her friend's park which would lead her by a short cut to the door of Winton Hall. It never occurred to Cicely to anticipate that Mrs. Winton might not be home.

She was an elderly lady who did not leave her own house from one year's end to the other, and to Miss Greatorex's certain knowledge she had not been absent for at least ten years.

It so happened, however, that Mrs. Winton had received tidings a few days before that her only son, an officer of the king's body guard, had been struck down by the falling sickness, and she at once sta ted for London to nurse him through it, and remain with him till he was quite strong again if his life was spared.

Anticipating a long absence she had taken all her servants with her excepting her old housekeeper, who had not slept a night out of Winton Hall for fifty years, and who did not mind remaining alone in it as a caretaker.

Arrived at the front door Miss Great orex gave a long sounding energetic knock upon it, which was very speedily answered.

The door was opened, but not at all widely, and the head of a man was thrust out, looking very keenly at the newcomer. Cicely gazed at him astonished, he was so unlike her friend's staid grey-headed butler, and when, seeing only a young girl before him, he threw the door open, his appearance was still more unlike what she expected to see.

He had long shaggy hair falling from under a rakish-looking cap, a fierce sinister expression, and he wore a sort of hunting costume instead of Mrs. Winton's livery. Cicely, however, quickly concluded that for some reason one of the under gamekeepers was assisting in the house, and made known her errand without delay.

"My carriage has been upset in Winton Wood and the horses are too much hurt to go on, so I have come to ask Mrs. Winton to give me a night's lodging. I hope she is well. I am Miss Greatorex."

Again the man looked fixedly at her, while a peculiar smile passed over his lips, but his only answer was to raise a silver whistle that hung round his neck and give a long shrill call by means of it, which was instantly responded to; the door of what Cicely knew to be Mrs. Winton's dining-room was flung wide open, and one of the handsomest men she had ever seen in her life came striding from it towards her.

A gentleman unmistakeably, clad in garments of the most costly material, and as he doffed his plumed hat in honor of the lady, he revealed a noble head adorned with silky dark hair which fell in curls on his shoulders, while he had refined aristocratic features and large luminous eyes of the softest hazel.

"Miss Greatorex—come to ask a night's lodging from Mrs. Winton," said the man at the door with an evil smile, but falling back with great respect before the newcomer, who was evidently his superior.

"I trust," he said, in a singularly musical voice, "it will not dissappoint you to find that Mrs. Winton has been obliged to go to London on account of her son's illness, and she has kindly allowed me the use of the Hall for a few days while I had to be in the neighborhood on business. I regret that I have no lady here to assist me in showing you every attention; but a suitable sleeping apartment will be immediately prepared for you, and if you will condescend to accept my poor hospitality, you may rest assured that all due honor and respect will be paid to you."

Cicely felt that she really had no alternative; she knew that there was not any house within a long distance where she could obtain a night's lodging, and although it was a little awkward that there was no lady to receive her, she felt she might be quite at her ease with this courtly gentleman, as he was a friend of Mrs. Winton.

"You are very kind," she answered. "I fear I have no choice but to trespass on your hospitality, as I am a very long way from my own home, at Greatorex Manor; but it will be only for this one night; my coachman will bring my carriage for me early in the morning with another pair of horses."

"It can only be a matter of regret that your honored visit will be so short," replied the exquisitely polite gentleman. "Madam, I was just about to partake of a slight supper, might I have the felicity of inducing you to share it with me?"

Cicely was nothing loth to accede to this polished request, for she was in truth ravenously hungry, and her host extending a very delicate white hand gently grasped the tips of her fingers and led her to the dining-room.

There an excellent repast had been provided, mainly composed of chickens which a short time ago had been running around in Mrs. Winton's poultry-yard, and some of the finest old wine out of her cellars was placed on the table.

Two or three men, simularly attired to the one who had opened the door to her, waited upon her and her host, and although it must be owned they did not appear to be much accustomed to the duty, yet they acquitted themselves fairly well under the careful direcions of their master.

He meanwhile entertained his guest with very brilliant conversation; he spoke of London and the court, and appeared to be well acquainted with the most prominent persons in society.

He discoursed on the modes and on belles-lettres, and repeated some new madrigals in the soft tones of his insinuating voice, and it must be owned that Cicely soon became greatly fascinated by him, and thought she had never in her life met so agreeable a gentleman.

This impression was deepened when after supper he asked her if she was fond of music, and taking up a guitar which had been left in the room, he accompanied himself on it while he sang some pathetic love songs of unexceptionable quality, with a richness of melody and sweetness of expression which quite captivated her senses.

She passed the most delightful evening imaginable. She was by no means, as a rule, a susceptible young lady, and had been wooed in vain by many eligible suitors, who much desired to appropriate the comely heiress and her broad lands; but for the first time in all her days she was entirely subjugated by the fascination of her charming host.

She regretted the swift passing of the hours, when the evening deepening into night, obliged her from a sense of propriety, unwillingly to intimate that it was time she retired to rest. He also expressed his regret, but was too respectful to seek to detain her.

He lighted a wax taper and asked to be allowed to precede her through the dark passages to the door of her room. Walking in advance of her to light the way, she could not but admire his tall athletic figure and the grace of his movements; arrived near the room which she knew to be the most luxurious in the house, he gave the light into her hand, expressed a hope that her slumbers might be sweet and calm as those of an infant, and that he should have the honor of seeing her at breakfast on the following morning, and then bowing profoundly over the hand she extended to him, he took his leave and departed down the stair.

Cicely went into her bedroom, where everything had been made ready for her, in a whirl of delight and excitement. Who could this enchanting personage be? she pondered; evidently a man of the first rank, accustomed to the highest society—a duke perhaps—how glad she was she had met him! the acquaintance must not stop here, and with that she began to comb out her long fair tresses and make ready for bed, as she had brought a little hand bag with her from her carriage containing all toilet necessaries.

She did not hurry herself, thinking over her pleasant adventure. Night was far advanced and all sounds had ceased in the house when at last she prepared to lie down.

But just at that moment the tapestry moved, behind which she knew there was a door leading to the servants' quarters, and from this entrance there emerged, to her great amazement, Mrs. Winton's old housekeeper, Benson, whom she knew well.

The poor woman seemed to be in a sad plight, her cap was awry, her gray hair hung loose about her perturbed countenance, and her eyes were red with weeping.

"Why, Benson, is it you?" exclaimed Cicely. "I thought you had gone to London with your mistress; but what in the world is the matter, you look quite scared?"

"And well I may be," she exclaimed flinging up her arms, "after all I have gone through this dreadful day, and now to make bad worse, I find you, my poor young lady, dragged into this den of robbers."

"A den of robbers! Winton Hall! What can you possibly mean, Benson?"

"Ah, the villain's deceived you finely, my poor young madam! I could see it, with all his airs and graces; but you have got into the hands of highwaymen. Ay! and the very worse there are on the road. They knew the mistress was away, and they broke into the house by the back entrance, and took possession of everything valuable in it; they locked me up in my room and dared me to make a sound—they said they'd strangle me if I did, and so they would, sure enough, but they did not know there was a secret door to my room, and when I heard your knock, madam, I slipped out and looked over the stairs hoping it was the soldiers come after them, and when I saw it was you getting into their clutches, I nearly swooned; but I could no nothing till night came, and they were all snoring after their carouse—and then I stole out to warn you; it drove me nearly wild to see you going to supper so quietly with their infamous captain."

Cicely stood transfixed with astonishment for a few moments and felt horrified at the ambush where she had fallen; but when she recalled her host of the evening, the whole story seemed incredible.

"But, Benson," she exclaimed, "are you sure there is no mistake? He was a most perfect gentleman with whom I had supper; surely it is impossible that he could be a highwayman."

"Couldn't be," said the old woman, her voice rising to a shriek; "shall I tell you who he is?—Captain Rooke, the cruel, murderous villain, and no one else!"

"Captain Rooke!"

Cicely fell back in her chair overcome with dismay. She knew the name well, for he was the most notorious character among all the highwaymen who infested the English roads at that time; not only was he the most darling and merciless of robbers, exercising unlimited control over all who were given up to the same infamous trade, but his indomitable energy and cleverness had enabled him to set all pursuit at defiance, and his hands were not free from the blood of several poor soldiers who had been sent out to capture him from time to time. Added to this, his history and origin gave him a certain prestige which excited universal interest in all his proceedings.

Every one who heard of him, and trembled at the sound of his name, was well aware that he was the younger son of a nobleman, who had left his home in consequence of a quarrel with his father, and taken to the road, both as a means of living, and an outlet for the wild adventurous spirit that could not rest content in a quiet or decorous mode of existence.

The very sound of his name inspired terror in all who heard it, although some traits of chivalry had been reported of him, when he encountered ladies in the carriages he pillaged on the road.

"And I have actually been sitting at supper with the infamous Captain Rooke," exclaimed Cicely. "I would sooner have

died than shared his bread and salt if I had known it; but he seemed the very pink of courtesy and refinement. However, from his manner to-night, I do not think he will prevent me from going away to-morrow as soon as my carriage comes for me.

"I will give notice to the authorities in the nearest town, Benson, so that they may send a troop to protect you, and clear the house of these villains—no doubt they will capture them all."

"Not a chance of that, madam," said the old woman, ruefully; "they'll be off the first moment they can in the morning, and take their booty with them; did you not see a lot of packages and boxes piled up in the hall? That is poor Madam Winton's plate, and every valuable they could lay their hands on; gold watches, jewels, checks, and even the silver cup mistress uses at her meals!"

"The scoundrels," exclaimed Cicely; "what a miserable homecoming it will be for poor Mrs. Winton, to find her house swept clean of all her precious goods. Well, there is nothing to be done to night; you must stay with me, Benson, bolt and bar the doors."

"I do not believe as they'll molest you, madam; that vile Captain Rooke looked sweet enough upon you, I could see; but I can only stay till the sun rises; as soon as its daylight these robbers will be satir, and if they find out I have been to denounce them to you, they'll strangle me as they said."

Cicely did not attempt to go to bed; she sat at the window all night, watching eagerly for the dawn; at the first gleam of light, Benson slipped back to her prison, and about an hour later Miss Greatorex saw to her infinite relief the approach of her carriage along the avenue, and heard it drive up to the door; at once she put on her hat, threw the long train of her riding habit over her arm, and with the gold-mounted switch in her hand, she walked down into the hall.

There she was met by her entertainer of the evening before, looking undeniably handsome and dignified, as with a charming smile he bowed low before her.

"I see the carriage is come which is to deprive me of a lovely vision," he said, "but Madam Greatorex will, I hope, honor me with her sweet company to breakfast before proceeding on her way."

Cicely looked round and saw they were all alone, none of the robber band being near, and then gave free vent to the passion of scorn and indignation which possessed her.

"Captain Rooke," she said, in a clear ringing voice, "if I had known who you were last night, I would sooner have cut off my own right hand than sat down to table with a man whose hands are stained by deeds of blood and infamy, a robber, an assassin, living on rapine and theft. How can you—how can you," she continued, stamping her little foot on the ground, "you the descendant of noble ancestors; born to an unsullied name which never was tarnished till you disgraced it; how can you degrade the very manhood within you by a low life of crime and treachery." She could not go on, palpitating as she was from anger and excitement.

The man before her had grown crimson to the temples, but he could not help admiring the dauntless girl as she flung her scornful words in his very face; there was something in her look, her voice, which restrained his passionate temper, although no one had ever so denounced him with impunity.

"You are severe, Madam Greatorex," he said hoarsely, "but you do not know the excuse I had for taking to this life. My father cast me out, and told me never to cross his threshold again. If even he had given me money to support me, how could I have taken it from a man who had insulted me? Homeless, penniless, what course was open to me but the free life of the road."

"You might have gone as a sailor before the mast, or as a private in the army; you might have broken stones by the wayside or you might have died! better death than dishonor," and with burning cheeks in her fiery indignation, while her dainty head was carried high with a haughty gesture, she turned her back on him and walked swiftly to the outer door. He followed and hastily opened it for her in silence, then she went down the steps and entered her carriage. "Drive on, Jasper," she said; "let the horses shake the dust from their feet at their utmost speed as they leave this polluted house."

The coachman obeyed. Captain Rooke stood bare-headed on the steps, hat in hand, and bowed in his most courtly manner; but Cicely made no response, she took not the slightest notice of him, and in a moment she was born swiftly away out of his sight.

Now it would require some one better instructed than we are in the vagaries of the feminine nature to account for the fact, that when Cicely Greatorex found herself well away from Winton Hall and its strange occupants, a great change passed over her expressive face; the bright color faded from her cheeks, her clear blue eyes became dim with tears, and in another moment she bent her head on her clasped hands and sobbed as if her heart would break, while through her troubled spirit there stole, in softest melody, the sweet refrain of one of the pathetic love songs she had heard the night before from the matchless voice of her courteous unknown host.

* * * * * *

More than two years had passed away. A good deal of the time had been spent by Cicely on the Continent, accompanied by an aunt who acted as her chaperon, and she had now come back to spend a few weeks in London in that lady's house. Many suitors had sought to win the wealthy and beautiful heiress during these years, but always in vain, though she could not herself have explained the feeling which prompted her to dismiss them, one and all; only she knew that never did any man speak words of love to her without the echo coming back, as an undying memory, of the plaintive refrain that smote on her heart with its entrancing melody that eventful evening at Winton Hall.

She had gone to France immediately afterwards, and knew nothing of what had happened to the robber band. As a matter of fact the gang had been broken up at once after her adventure.

Mrs. Winton had found to her great surprise that the packages containing her plate and valuables, made up for removal by the highwaymen, had not after all been taken from her house.

Everything she possessed was found intact, and the housekeeper had suffered nothing but her first alarm. Then it became known that Captain Rooke had completely disappeared, and his followers, disorganized and quarrelling among themselves, was for the most part captured and duly hanged, as was the custom of the times.

There was a great ball at the house of a distinguished lady, who was an intimate friend of Cicely's and she was among the guests, looking lovely in her rich dress with soft white feathers waving over her pretty hair.

She had danced one or two measures with assiduous cavaliers and was resting on an ottoman, when the lady of the house came and sat down beside her.

"There is a gentleman here who particularly wishes to be introduced to you, Cicely," she said, "and he would have come with me now only he was stopped by the prince who desired to speak with him. Have you ever heard of him—Lord Lismere?"

"The name seems familiar to me, but I do not remember where I have heard it," she answered.

"Well, Lord Lismere is a great favorite in society, and he has had a romantic history, though the full details of it are not quite understood. His father—now dead was known to be a man of most violent temper; he had a deadly quarrel with his son, who was a very high-spirited young man and quite in the right, I believe, in the matter on which they differed, but the old lord turned him out of the house and repudiated him altogether, as he had an elder son who was his heir. The poor young fellow, cast out without means or resources of any kind, took to wild ways—very wild ways indeed, I fear, of a most undesirable nature—but quite suddenly, two or three years ago, he gave them all up and became a completely reformed character. He enlisted as a mere private in the army and saw a good deal of active service in foreign parts, where his conspicuous bravery soon won him his commission and brought him into companionship with men of his own rank; his elder brother died and he thus became heir to his father's title and estates. The old man was disposed for a reconciliation, but before they could meet he too had passed away, and the outcast son entered into possession of all the wide lands pertaining to his noble name. He found that the vast estates required his personal care, so he left the army and settled down in the home of his family, where he is known as the best and kindest of masters."

"That is, indeed, an interesting story," said Cicely; "but why should Lord Lismere wish to know me, as you say he does?"

"That I cannot tell," replied the lady. "Perhaps he was attracted by your winsome face: but the very minute he saw you enter the room, he came and asked me to present him to you. Ah! and he is coming towards us!"

Cicely looked up to see a splendidly handsome man dressed in faultless evening costume, who stood deferentially before her as her friend introduced them. He asked if he might have the honor of her hand for the next dance, and as she agreed, he raised his head, which he had held somewhat lowered, and she saw the clear cut features and beautiful hazel eyes she remembered so well; in an instant she knew him.

She caught her breath while the hot color flew into her face, but Lord Lismere had taken her hand and led her towards the dance circle. She saw that he had recognized her as perfectly as she had remembered him, while his countenance was singularly grave and almost mournful, and he maintained a complete silence which she had not the courage to break, recollecting with great dismay the burning words of contumely and reproach which she had last addressed to this stately nobleman.

They went through the dance without a syllable spoken between them, but when it was over Lord Lismere said courteously though firmly:

"Miss Greatorex, I must ask you to allow me a few minutes' conversation. I will not detain you very long. There is a small room at the end of this suite where very few people are passing. Will you permit me to find you a seat there where we can be undisturbed while I seize this opportunity of explaining much I have long desired to make known to you."

She murmured an assent, for he had a right to make the request, and soon they were seated side by side in a quiet corner where they were quite unobserved by the other guests.

"Miss Greatorex," said Lord Lismere, "I have asked to speak to you alone, that I might thank you with all my heart and soul for the splendid service you did me on that one occassion when we met under circumstances that were a shame and disgrace to me; your noble words of pure and burning indignation at my unworthy conduct opened my eyes suddenly to the true nature of the infamous trade in which I had embarked. Believe me, before I saw you, the glamor of the wild adventurous career, with all its danger and daring, had blinded me wholly to its guilt and degradation; but when you, a fair young girl with magnificent courage and high-souled abhorrence of injustice and oppression, denounced me to my face, the scales fell from my distorted vision. It was as though a new being had been born within me. I was filled with detestation of my former life; I longed to redeem the past, and I took a secret vow then and there that for all the rest of my existence I would live a pure and honorable life as a righteous man, and that vow I have kept unswervingly from the moment that your carriage bore you away from my longing eyes! From that hour I was a highwayman no more for ever! I restored Mrs. Winton's property, I dismissed my followers, I enlisted as an ordinary soldier to serve my country. I toiled to build up a blameless character for myself till I was called to my present position, in which I strive still to maintain it, and all this, Cicely Greatorex, I owe to you, and I thank you for it deeply, humbly, and most sincerely."

She strove to express her delight at what he had said, to beg his forgiveness now for the insults which had sprung from her lips on that memorable day, but she was in fact too much moved to explain her feelings clearly, and as some persons came into the room they returned in silence to where her aunt was seated.

After that evening Lord Lismere and Miss Greatorex met very frequently, both at various entertainments to which they were invited, and at the house of her aunt, where he called as often as the etiquette of the day permitted. They became great friends, and finally much more than friends.

One morning, a few weeks later, Cicely came into her aunt's room with a radiant light in her eyes and a soft flush on her delicate cheek.

"Aunt," she said, holding out her hands with a rapturous gesture, "wish me joy. I am going to marry Captain Rooke!"

"Captain who!" said her aunt amazed, for she had been absent from England when that name was notorious, and had never heard of it. Cicely crimsoned all over her fair face.

"Oh, what possessed me to utter that name?" she said confused. "I mean Lord Lismere."

"Ah Lord Lismere! Well and good. I can congratulate you, my dear, with all my heart on a union with him, for he is a noble gentleman, honorable, true and good. You will be very happy, I doubt not, if your life is henceforward to be spent by his side."

A Heroine.

BY G. M. A.

WHY did not Frank Leigh marry?—handsome, wealthy, good-humored Frank Leigh. Had he been under parental control, or suffering some amatory disappointment, or tinged with a disposition to be cynical or over-fastidious it would not have been at all surprising: but as it was, all the world—that is, all the affectionate mammas and charming marriageables of his acquaintance—were curious to know why he condemned himself to hateful celibacy; and numberless were the questions, direct and indirect, with which he was tormented concerning this all-important question.

To some, Frank with a thoughtful air and a shrug on his shoulders, would reply, that he could not say; to others, that he didn't know; and to his intimates, in confidential moments, he avowed his unalterable determination of eschewing matrimony until he could marry a heroine.

And what was Frank Leigh's definition of that noun? Was it a pretty horse-breaker? Decidedly not, as half-a-dozen of the fairest frequenters of Rotten Row could testify. Was it a high minded young lady who set the weakness of her sex at nought? or a mathematical and geological candidate for collegiate honors?—No, he would have none of these.

Then what did he—what could he mean? Had he been reading romances, and become infected with such an enthusiasm for the Rowenas and Rebeccas, the gentle Edithas and fair Alisons of the olden times, that no damsel would be considered eligible to bear his name, who had not attempted some half-dozen hair-breadth escapes, and endured agonies of terror, and so forth, with the resignation of a martyr?

A look into his sober and sensible face seemed to confute this idea; but still, the inexplicable sentence remained on record; and how was Frank Leigh to be reasoned out of such folly, while he persisted in burying himself at Hatchley Grange, in Lincolnshire, at a time of the year when there was neither shooting nor hunting to keep him there, nor any other guests at Squire Dashwood's hospitable board.

Honestly speaking, Frank would have found a difficulty in explaining the why and wherefore he still tarried in Lincolnshire.

He went there because others went, he stayed, first, because the birds were plentiful; then, because the squire took a liking to him, and pressed it so earnestly that he knew not how to refuse; then, because he found a fine old library at Hatchley into which no one ever ventured but himself, which made its seclusion delightful; and he stayed yet longer, because, with advancing spring, the country grew so pleasant, that he was loth to exchange its fragrant breath and sunshine for the crowded ball-room or the concert; and then he stayed, he knew not why, except that he had become domesticated at Hatchley, and was too comfortable and too lazy to change his quarters.

Every one knew that the Grange possessed no feminine attraction. Mrs. Dashwood, the squire's second wife, was the querulous, invalid mother of some half a dozen of the noisiest and wildest little creatures that ever raced along the corridor of an old-fashioned country house; and she seldom left her own apartments until the evening, when she lay on her sofa, half hidden in shawls, pouring doleful relations of her symptons and sufferings into the ears of any one polite and patient enough to listen to them, and varying the monotonous recitals with fretful reproofs of her step-daughter, Minnie, who at an early age, had been promoted to the drawing-room, to pour out the coffee, stir the fire, find Mrs. Dashwood's smelling bottle and handkerchief every time they were mislaid, to remind her of the hour for taking the medicine, and carry her shawls when she retired for the night.

What became of Minnie Dashwood during the rest of the twenty-four hours no one ever seemed to know, or to care to in-

quire; but Frank Leigh twice encountered her in the park, surrounded by her brothers and sisters, amongst whom she was striving to keep peace with such unflagging sweetness of temper, that the young man looked after her with compassionate interest and mentally decided that she deserved better usage than she received at the hands of her exacting step-mother and her refractory progeny.

This kindly feeling led Frank to pay her in the evening some of those courteous attentions due to a young lady, which he was ashamed to remember had been withheld from the silent little girl, whose presence no one ever seemed to acknowledge; and he received in return such shy glances of wondering gratitude, that he was suddenly awakened to a conviction that beneath the chestnut curls which clustered too thickly around her brow to suit his classic taste, there lurked a pair of hazel eyes, large, beautiful, and expressive, and, much to his own amusement, he saw them again in his dreams.

But his interest in Minnie Dashwood remained stationary at this point, and he was sitting in his retreat, as the squire designated the library, ruefully surveying a packet of business letters, and asking himself whether it would not be less trouble to take the night train to King's Cross, and answer them personally, than to commence a lengthy correspondence, when the door was thrown open, and Minnie, breathless with running, and pale with some alarm, suddenly appeared before him.

"Papa said the boys are all out," she panted, "and Harry has fallen down the well in the orchard. Oh, Mr. Leigh, what shall I do?"

Launching an unspoken anathema at the head of Harry, who was one of those luckless urchins whose youthful lives seem to be spent in continuous attempts at risking their own or other people's necks, Frank snatched up his hat. "Do not frighten yourself so much, Miss Dashwood," said he. "The well is not a very deep one, is it?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "and it is partially choked up with rubbish; but he moans so sadly, that I am sure he must be badly injured; and Robin is so infirm that he cannot render him any assistance."

Frank hastened to follow her to the spot where the rest of the terrified and weeping children were huddling round their nurse, and watching the movements of the old gardner, who was hobbling about with a rope in his hand, loudly complaining of the "tiresome ways o' them children, who had been warned scores and scores and scores o' times that they maunt dance on that old kiver; but it wornt no use talking to 'em!"

While Robin lamented and inveighed against the now insensible Harry, the more active Frank hastened to rescue him from his perilous position; and a laborer who made his appearance just then, was dispatched for the nearest medical man, while the boy was carried to the house and laid on a bed.

The nurse and her charges, awed by the pale face of their brother into comparative quietude, crept away to the nursery, while Minnie carefully closed all doors through which a sound conveyed the tidings of the disaster to the child's mother.

"I shall want some one to hold him," said Dr. Jebb, at the close of an examination of his patient, who had recovered his senses sufficiently to feel very sorry for himself. "His right arm is broken; and the sooner I set it the better. Will you assist me, Mr. Leigh?" With a very bad grace Frank assented. He was almost as much averse to witnessing pain as to enduring it.

"Now, Miss Minnie, if you will run away," said Dr. Jebb, kindly, "we'll call you as soon as it is all over."

But a pitiful wail arose from the bed. "Oh, Minnie, darling, don't leave me! they're going to do something to me!" and after a moment of irresolution she returned to the child.

"I think I'll stay, please, Dr. Jebb," said Minnie; "pray let me; I'll be very brave, and Harry will be more patient if I hold him, won't you, love?"

So Minnie hid her own shrinking from the sight of the boy's sufferings, and her gentle and soothing words effected more even than Frank Leigh's promise of a new bat, ball, and stumps, or the doctor's assurances that a little pain would help to make a man of him, but when the squire, hot and anxious, burst into the room, just as the worst was over, her courage failed, and Frank carried her away, and consigned her to the care of the housekeeper, who took her to her maternal bosom, with many a tender and embracing expression.

It would have had an unfriendly look, so argued Frank, to bid farewell to Hatchley while little Harry lay ill; so he stayed, and shared the watches by his bed, until he was well enough to perpetrate some new mischief; and Minnie, who had been compelled to divide her attentions between the two invalids, and had found it difficult to satisfy either, began to look pale and worn, and to seek opportunities of stealing away and resting in quite nooks, where it was not very probable that any one would think of looking for her.

Frank suddenly came upon her in one of these weary moments, as she sat at the foot of a clump of trees, half buried in the grass, her hair pushed off her forehead, eyes fixed dreamily on the sky, where clouds were darkly gathering. With a start and a scream she sprang to her feet, as he appeared.

"Did I frighten you?" asked Frank, regretfully.

"Yes—no—a spider on my dress," stammered Minnie, pointing to a busy spider, which was nimbly trotting by, intent perhaps on housewifely cares.

Half contemptuously Frank brushed the obnoxious insect away, and said, "You may sit down now with safety, Miss Dashwood, my own freedom from all prejudices against these creatures will render me an efficient protector, and I will stand by and guard you."

"Thank you, but I have been here too long already," said Minnie, and she began to move slowly towards the house, but her eye glanced at the volume Frank held in his hand, and it started a topic.

"Do you read much?" asked Frank.—"Very little," she replied.

"Humph!" said Frank; "there are some exquisite sketches in this edition of the Lady of the Lake. Do you paint, Miss Dashwood?"

"Not much," replied Minnie, carelessly. "I am not a learned lady."

"But," said he, hesitatingly, "you do not despise these accomplishments?"

Before Minnie could reply a vivid flash of lightning gleamed across the sky, followed by a heavy peal of thunder. With an anxious glance at the darkened heavens, she uttered a cry of distress, and fled rapidly across the lawn, leaving her companion to follow at his leisure.

When Frank's more leisurely footsteps reached the open French windows of the lower apartments, Mrs. Dashwood's maid was rummaging among the sofa cushions for the salts, and hysterical screams were heard in the direction of her mistress' room. Frank assisted her in the fruitless search, and as she turned away, carelessly inquired if it was for Miss Minnie she had been seeking them.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Trimmings, with a smile and a curtesy, "and she begged me to make haste, so I must run."

"A pretty wife this would be for any man," muttered Frank, discontentedly—"caring little for books, less for other mental acquirements, screaming at spiders, and fainting in storms! And I had begun to think her remarkably natural and charming! How wretchedly dull this place is in wet weather! If this rain continues, as it threatens to do, Hatchley will be insufferable. I wonder why I have stayed so long!' And, in pursuance to this new train of thought, he discussed at the dinner table the necessity of his departure.

"Hang it, Leigh," cried the squire, "don't go till the haymaking is over!"

"Stay till my new mare comes home,' urged the eldest hope of the Dashwoods; "you half promised to go to the spring meeting."

"No, don't run away yet, Mr. Leigh," said Mark, the youngest and brightest of the lads. "I do so hate to lose any one just as I begin to know and like him."

Frank talked of important business awaiting his presence in town, and of the length of his stay, but finally agreed to say no more about going until the following week, and the subject was soon merged in a interesting discussion of the merits of Squire Dashwood's black grey hound Diana and Sir John Welwyn's Juno, in which they were still engaged when summoned to coffee.

Minnie sat in her customary place, dispensing the aromatic beverage, looking a little paler perhaps than common, but quite composed; and Frank, as he received his cup from her hands, rather sarcastically congratulated her upon [illegible] recovery. She heard [illegible] with evident surprise.

"I have not been ill, Mr. Leigh," said Minnie.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered; "I thought—that is—I understood—that the the storm——"

Mrs. Dashwood caught the last word, and said feebly, "Ah, that dreadful storm! Oh, it has so cruelly unnerved me; I am trembling now. It has made me so much worse; and although that naughty, thoughtless girl knows how sadly a tempest always upsets me, she did not come near me for half an hour; yes it was, Minnie, quite half an hour after it commenced. Oh, Mr. Dashwood, pray do not speak so loud! My poor, poor head!"

"Well, dear, we'll not disturb you long," observed the squire, pacifically. "The boys and I are going to take a walk as far as St. John's, to decide a little dispute. Will you come, Leigh? It doesn't rain now, and the moon is up."

Although he accompanied the party as far as the park gates, Frank could not be persuaded to go any further, but strolled quietly back to the Grange. As he approached a casement, where a ray of the newly-risen moon glinted across a pensive profile and a girlish figure, Mrs. Dashwood's complaining tones, raised unusually high, made him hesitate whether to advance or recede.

"Such ingratitude, thoughtlessness, selfishness!" Were these invectives levelled at Minnie? "You forget everything I require!" she murmured, "and neglect those poor children, and think of nothing and no one but yourself, you cold-hearted child!"

"Oh, mamma!" burst from the lips of the sorely tried daughter, "how can you accuse me so unjustly! I have but asked an hour or two for my own improvement. If you know how ashamed I am of my deficiencies! Only this morning Mr. Leigh questioned me, and I was ready to cry with vexation. How could I explain to him that I have no opportunities afforded me even for reading? I passionately love books and music, and yet every day sees me more ignorant, and more unhappy!"

"As it," whimpered Mrs. Dashwood, "as if it is my own fault that I am ill, and obliged to leave the care of everything to you! Besides, what can it matter what Mr. Leigh thinks?"

Suddenly remembering the old adage about listeners, Frank thought it would be wisdom to retreat, and he sauntered back to the park gates, where he stood, watching for the squire's return, and enjoying a cigar, until a female figure, closely cloaked and veiled, came quickly down the avenue, and he politely moved to let her pass. —"Minnie!—Miss Dashwood!" said he.

She threw back her veil, and looked confused, but, with a slight recognition, passed on, and Frank followed.

"Will you think me intrusive if I ask how far you are going?" said he.

"To the village," was the hesitating reply.

"Alone!" said Frank, "and at this hour in the evening!"

There was grave surprise, if not reproof in his tones, and she paused.

"I know that you are thinking me unladylike, and more careless of the world's opinion than I ought to be," faltered Minnie. "But mamma is very unwell tonight, and she cannot fancy anything but a particular sort of biscuit, which I am going to procure for her.

"The servants!" suggested Frank.

"I could not ask either of the maids to take so long a walk, for they have been very hard at work, and are all tired," replied Minnie; "and the men—you know, Mr. Leigh, that ours is but an ill-managed household—and the men-servants are so uncouth, and unwilling to submit to my authority, that I cannot endure to ask any favor at their hands."

"Nevertheless, one of them shall do this errand for you to-night," said Frank, decidedly, and drawing her arm through his own, he led her back towards the house.

* * * * * * *

Minnie's self-sacrifice was not permitted. By dint of perseverance and good management, aided not a little by the squire's awakened sense that his daughter had been hardly dealt with, Frank Leigh effected an unheard of revolution in the household affairs at Hatchley Grange. A maiden cousin of Mrs. Dashwood's became her personal attendant, and the bearer of her troubles and ailments. Harry was sent to school, and a governess assumed the management of his sisters; while Minnie, to the astonishment of the neighborhood, was inducted into the honors and dignities pertaining to the bride of Frank Leigh; and she supports them admirably, to the delight of her husband, who persists in asserting that he has remained firm to his determination, and that, in wedding Minnie Dashwood, he has married the true-hearted, unselfish woman, who is his ideal of a Heroine.

Ever since [illegible] there have been women [illegible] years who claim that there is no such half as good, or as economical as Imperial Electric. They must be a new comer in their midst. Try it. [illegible] names. Your grocer has it.

At Home and Abroad.

It is thought that the Judge of the United States Court at Fort Smith, Ark., who has sentenced 151 murderers, has the highest record ever made in the United States, at least in this generation. It is made possible by the fact that he has jurisdiction over the Indian Territory, in which fugitives from justice from all the surrounding States take refuge. He has, of course, nothing to do with crimes committed in Arkansas itself.

An English missionary near Ispahan, in Persia, recently took home a young native woman, a peasant's wife, whom he had converted. Her relatives found out where she was and asked that she be given up, but he refused. The Mohammedans then mobbed the mission house, and the Governor of the province, the Shah's son, requested the missionary to yield. He would listen neither to him nor the British agent, who was also called in. Finally the agent, to prevent bloodshed, had the woman taken out of the house and restored to her friends by main force.

In 1890 about 250 pounds of alligator teeth were sold, hunters receiving from $1 to $2 a pound for them. They are removed by burying the heads and rotting out the teeth. Of the best teeth about 70 make a pound. The stuffing of alligators and the polishing of the teeth give employment to 40 persons. Unfortunately, alligators grow very slowly. At 15 years of age they are only two feet long. A 12 footer may be supposed reasonably to be 75 years old. It is believed that they grow as long as they live, and probably they live longer than any other animals.

The trouble with the Hannocks recalls the fact that the Indian population of the United States in 1890 was set down at 248,253, not including the native inhabitants of Alaska, who numbered 32,052. The Indians living on the reservations and receiving assistance from the Government numbered 138,417. It is believed by many who have made a special study of Indian archæology that the number of Indians within the present territory of the United States, at the time of the discovery of America, was little, if any, greater than the number now existing, a statement which will strike many with surprise.

The Desert of Sahara is not all desert. In 1892 more than nine millions of sheep wintered in the Algerian Sahara, paying a duty of 1,763,000 francs ($352,000). These sheep were worth twenty francs ($4) apiece, or in all 175,000,000 francs. The Sahara nourishes also 2,000,000 goats and 360,000 camels, paying a duty of 1,000,000 francs. In the oases palms, citrons and apricots abound; there are cultivated also onions, pimentos and various leguminous vegetables. The oases contain 1,500,000 date palms, on which the duty is 500,000 francs. The product of a date tree varies from eight to ten francs: those of the desert give about 15,000,000 a year.

The latest Scriptural geographist to seek to locate the lost Garden of Eden is confident that he has discovered the very site of the birth of Adam and the creation of Eve at the watershed of the ancient River Nile. Here, indeed, the heads of four rivers meet, and the Kongo may, as well as the Euphrates, merit the Biblical title of "Fruitful." Beyond the Zambesi, too, is a land of gold. In the first place this ingenious theory is by no means new, and tropical Africa has already called forth one whole book devoted to an almost identical theory. The best "orthodox" solution yet offered of the Genesis description has been recently made by venerable Professor Dawson, of Canada, the eminent geologist, who emphatically reindorses the old Asiatic theory. Of striking interest from the Darwinian standpoint, that Asiatic region is also the distinctive monkey kingdom of the world.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

HOW IT WAS MENDED.

BY L. B.

"MOTHER!" Kitty burst into the dining-room with scarlet cheeks, and something huddled up in her pinafore. "Mother, I'm never going to speak another word to Archie Scott in all my life—he's a horrid boy!"

"But, Kitty, I am afraid that sounds almost as if someone else was horrid too," said Mrs. Grant, laying down her work to hear all about it.

"I'm not, indeed, mother. You would feel like saying a good deal more than that, if you were in my place. He has gone and cut Lady Jane's body right open with his new knife, and scattered the sawdust all over the ground to look like a snowstorm, and now she's nothing but rags"—Kitty ended with a choking sob, as she unrolled her crumpled pinafore—"and not a doll at all."

Poor Lady Jane! Mrs. Grant had known her from the time she had stood in all the bravery of a pink frock and lavender bonnet in the front row of the great toyshop window. That was nearly a year ago, and of course the pink frock had faded considerably, and the bonnet grown limp with much service; still nobody with any experience could fail to perceive that Lady Jane had once been a very superior doll, and well worth careful treatment, but now—well, as Kitty truly said—she was just a handful of rags. Mrs. Grant tried to piece the fragments together into something of the old shape, but all the pins and needles and glue-pots in the world would never turn them into a doll again.

"That new knife is rather a dangerous possession for Archie," she remarked; "he has generally been so careful with your dollies."

"I'll pay him back," cried Kitty, brushing her tears, and sitting bolt upright. "I told him I would. Bad boys always get punished sooner or later—it says so in my new reading-book."

Mrs. Grant looked through the open window. Archie—he lived next door—was perched on the boundary wall whistling defiantly. On the grass below a broad white track was plainly visible, though it scarcely looked like a snowstorm, even at a distance. She shook her head, but Archie's face was bent over the new knife, and never once lifted to the window, so she tried to console Kitty instead.

"I am very sorry for poor Lady Jane, my girlie, and I am sure Archie will be, too, when he thinks it over; but try not to be ill-natured about it, dear. Archie is not very big yet, and you would not really like to see him in trouble."

"But I just would, mother," protested Kitty. "There's no use in trying to be always good, if there's not to be any difference when people are bad; and I mean to pay him out the very first chance I get."

Surely some great magician must have compiled Kitty's new reading-book, or how would he have known all the wise things he put into it? The book declared that bad boys always got punished sooner or later for their misdoings, and the very next day one little bad boy began to be punished for his.

Kitty went slowly down the long garden after she came in from school to look at the spot where her dear dolly had been sacrificed. It had rained in the night, and the sawdust was almost washed away, but from over the wall came the sound of muffled sobbing. Kitty listened attentively for a minute, then she mounted the garden roller to get a fuller view of the next-door garden.

Just as she expected—it was Archie, sobbing disconsolately into his printed pocket handkerchief, and with a hole he could put his fist though, in the front of his knitted jersey.

In her great satisfaction Kitty forgot that he had decided not to speak to Archie any more. "You have made a mess of yourself," she broke out. "What will Miss Betsy say when she sees your new jersey?"

"I'll get whipped and sent to bed again," sobbed Archie, "and it'll be the second time this week. It's too bad."

Kitty rested her elbows on the top of the wall, and looked down at him in silence. Miss Betsy was the housekeeper, and not an easy person to deal judgment. Archie ought to be punished for Lady Jane, certainly, but for a hole in one's jacket, why, she—Kitty—often made holes in her own frocks, and told him so.

"Yes, but you've got your own mother to put them right. It's fine to be you!" wailed Archie, burrowing deeper into his handkerchief.

"How did you do it?" demanded Kitty. She was beginning to feel rather uncomfortable in her own mind.

"I was cutting a piece of stick—so, and the knife slipped. I didn't do it on purpose."

"That was the knife you cut up Lady Jane with yesterday," remarked Kitty severely.

No answer. The culprit was too full of his own woes just now. He sobbed on, and Kitty stood still on the roller, with a puzzled, dissatisfied look on her small face. Things had turned out exactly as she had wished, and yet she did not feel a bit happy or contented. She had quite meant never to forgive Archie: still, he was a little boy, and he hadn't any mother, and Miss Betsy was dreadfully strict with him, and Kitty did not see how it was possible to go away and enjoy herself with Archie crying his heart out in the very next house. Bad boys ought to be punished, but——

"Archie," she said, suddenly making up her mind, and taking her elbows from the wall, "slip off your jersey quick, and give it up to me. Mother and I will mend it beautifully, and make it all right again. You wait here, and I'll bring it out the minute it's done."

Archie was not proud; he promptly handed the jersey up to Kitty, and she went off to find mother and borrow her work-basket, and mother was a wise woman and asked no inconvenient questions.

That hole took a good many stitches to make it respectable, but mother helped with all the awkward parts, and by the time Archie's eyes were beginning to feel cool and comfortable again, Kitty came flying down the garden in triumph, waving the jersey over her head.

"There it is, Archie. Now you can go in to tea, and neither you nor Miss Betsy be one bit the worse."

Archie wriggled into it, but before he went in he stopped and looked up at Kitty's excited face.

"Kitty, I'm awfully sorry I spoilt Lady Jane, but when I'm a man the very first money I get I'll buy you one twenty times bigger and grander, to make up for it—see if I don't!"

So if Kitty waits patiently she will have something like a doll when that time comes.

MISS BUNDLE'S ADVENTURE.

BY S. L. P.

ONCE on a time there lived in a quiet village a little girl who was always called Miss Bundle. She was a short, stout little girl, and wore very full, loose clothes.

Her name was not really Bundle, but she always went by that name because someone had said she looked like a bundle of clothes; and after that everyone used to call her Miss Bundle.

She lived with her father and mother at a pretty house with a garden round it, and she had no sisters or brothers. Her parents were very fond of her, and whatever she wanted she had, and whatever she wanted to do she did.

What she liked most at the present time was to trot about the village and to go to the only cakeshop in the place, where she bought cakes and buns.

Day after day she used to go to this shop, and the people wondered what she did with all the things she bought there.

"And she never gives any away," said an old woman who was standing at a door.

"And she can't eat them all herself," said a young girl.

"They must go bad," said a boy; "and then perhaps the pigs get them.

Then they all laughed.

But the old woman said it was a shame to waste things.

And the people went on watching Miss Bundle, who trotted through the village to the cake shop.

What did Miss Bundle do with all those buns and cakes? Now, if Miss Bundle had chosen, she would have told the people that she had at home twelve dolls, and that every afternoon she had a grand feast for them. She cut up the cakes and buns and put them on the dolls' plates, and pretended that they ate them, and she ate some herself, and then swept the rest into a basket, which she took down to the duck-pond at the end of the garden and gave to the ducks.

Now, it happened that in the village there was a very intelligent dog, and once upon a time Miss Bundle had given him a piece of bun that she happened to be holding in her hand. This dog did not belong to anyone; he slept where he could, and he ate what people chose to give him; and as Miss Bundle had given him a piece of bun, and he had found it good, he thought he should like to have some more.

So one day he followed her till she came to a lonely part of the road, and suddenly stopped before her. She threw a piece of cake that she had in her hand to him, and said,

"Go away, sir! You will have no more."

But the dog had another opinion, and he jumped upon her and barked, till Miss Bundle threw him a large bun to get rid of him, then she ran on.

But the dog ran after her and stopped her again, and would not go away till he had eaten all the cakes and buns that she had.

Miss Bundle got so frightened that she ran away as fast as she could, crying out,

"The dog is mad! the dog is mad!"

But the thin dog was not mad, he was only very hungry: and as he was a wise dog, he too ran away, and was not seen in the village again.

And Miss Bundle left off going to the cake-shop.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is, of all earthly unions, almost the only one permitting of no change but that of death.

It is that engagement in which man exerts his most awful and solemn power—the power of responsibility which belongs to him as one that shall give account—the power of abnegating the right to change—the power of parting with his freedom—the power of doing that which in this world can never be reversed.

And yet it is perhaps that relationship which is spoken of most frivolously and entered into most carelessly and most wantonly. It is not a union merely between two creatures; the intention of the bond is to perfect the nature of both by supplementing their deficiencies with the force of contrast, giving to each sex those excellencies in which it is naturally deficient—to the one strength of character and firmness of moral will, to the other sympathy, meekness, tenderness.

And just so solemn and just so glorious as these ends are for which the union was contemplated and intended, just so terrible are consequences if it be perverted and abused, for there is no earthly relationship which has so much power to ennoble and to exalt.

THE MISTRESS.—The best household mistress is the woman who has a practical knowledge of household duties.

A knowledge of cookery will enable her to point out to inefficient cooks the cause of mistake and failure; and she should not only know how things should look and taste when sent to table, but be able to judge of and choose well every kind of provision.

It will not be easy for cooks to impose on a lady who knows exactly how much of every ingredient is requisite for each dish, and who is able to estimate the quantity of food required daily for her household.

It may not in all circumstances be necessary for a lady to exercise her knowledge in these matters, and, if she has a cook who has proved herself trustworthy, she will do well to delegate large powers to her; but it is obvious that to judge the skill and honesty of her cook the lady must possess the knowledge indicated.

TOO WILLING.—"Dear me," he whispered, "do you think if I married you your father would ever forgive us?"

"I'm sure he would, dear," she asserted softly.

"And would he give us a house of our own?"

"I know he would, dearest."

"And would he give us enough to live beautifully on?"

"I'm sure of it, Harry."

"And would he take me into the firm?"

"Certainly he would."

"And let me run the business to suit myself?"

"Of course he would, darling." She snuggled to his bosom, but he put her aside coldly.

"I can never marry you," he said hoarsely. "Your father is too willing to get you off his hands."

Nearly all women have good hair, though many are gray, and few are bald. Hall's Hair Renewer restores the natural color, and thickens the growth of the hair.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The expenditure of England for drinks is estimated at $900,000,000 a year.

In all mountainous countries flowers are found growing up to the line of perpetual snow.

Ten thousand bushels of dried apples are among the produce of the Kansas Penitentiary farm.

In Trigg county, Ky., Mr. J. J. Thomas grew an apple that weighed a pound and 10 ounces.

The Archbishop of Cologne has forbidden the use of flowers at funerals held within his diocese.

"He has eaten his last rice" is the expression used by the Chinese when they wish to imply that a man's end is near.

The system of canals contemplated by Russia will have a total length of 1000 miles and will unite the Baltic and Black Seas.

A herd of 7000 horses was bought on a Washington ranch the other day by the Portland Horse Meat Canning Company at $3 a head.

Five hundred and seventy-six architects have entered the competition for the preparation of plans for the projected Paris Exhibition of 1900.

A Newburyport man is the possessor of a rather novel apple tree. One side of the tree is full of apples, while the other side is full of blossoms.

Last year the deposits in the savings banks of Massachusetts increased by nearly $17,000,000 over the previous year. This was in a time of depression.

Owing to the many accidents to persons riding on them the roof seats on the cars used in the suburban trains of the Paris railroads are to be suppressed.

It is said that the blind never dream of visible objects, and a mute has been observed when dreaming to carry on a conversation by means of his fingers or in writing.

The members of the Italian Royal family have, one and all, adopted bicycling. It is needless to say that they do not venture upon the public roads, but practice in private.

A medical authority on the virtues of various kinds of food declares that the herring gives the muscles elasticity, the body strength and the brain vigor, and is not flesh-forming.

Rabbit fur, when used for hats, is first carefully "plucked;" that is, the long hairs are pulled out. Formerly this process was done by hands; now a machine accomplishes the same result.

At the Victoria Station, Manchester, a miniature electric line suspended from the iron girders of the roof is used for conveying parcels and luggage from one part of the building to another.

The dandelion protects itself from intense heat by drawing its petals together and thus presenting a small surface to the light of the sun. When growing in a shady place it does not exhibit this peculiarity.

A French medical authority advances the opinion that death by falling from great heights is absolutely painless. He says that the mind acts with great rapidity for a short time and then unconsciousness follows.

According to M. Gambier Bolton, lions fetch $1500 each, lion cubs $500 each, tiger cubs $400, a Malayan tapir $500, a young hippopotamus $2500, giraffes up to $5000 apiece, while African elephants cannot be purchased in Europe at any price.

A Baltimore policeman was recently fined $25 by the Police Board of that city for interfering with a baseball game. While relieving another officer on duty during the game the offender walked across the field close to second base, and delayed the game fully five minutes.

It is said that 300,000 cubic feet of water plunge 150 feet downward over the Niagara escarpment every second, thus wasting 10,000,000 horse-power of energy to the second. If Niagara were really "harnessed" so as to utilize this energy it would be sufficient to turn more machinery than there is in the world.

Experiments have been made in Austria to test the likelihood of a war balloon being hit when fired at. A captive balloon at an altitude of about 4265 feet was fired at from a distance of 4400 yards, and was struck nine times without being brought down. In a second trial a captive balloon, at a height of about 4265 feet, was fired at from 5500 yards distance. A violent wind, causing the balloon to plunge a good deal, rendered the aim very difficult, and the balloon was not brought down until the fifty-sixth round.

A church in Lodi, New Jersey, was recently painted and varnished, and by Sunday the seats were, to all appearances, perfectly dry. But when the congregation had been seated a short time the warmth from their bodies softened the varnish. Then each man got realized what it was to stick "closer than a brother." The harm done to the Sunday-go-to-meeting outfits was considerable, and the congregation are now trying to see where the funny part of the whole affair, which outsiders appear to appreciate, comes in.

THE SUMMER IS DEAD.

BY W. W. LONG.

Dear, are you sorry the summer is dead?—
Will another ever come like this,
Of walks and talks by the radiant sea,
Moonlight and music, and passionate kiss?

Dear, are you sorry the summer is dead?
And do you think that I shall forget
This eve on the glowing sunset sands,
In the mellow light when last we met?

The summer is dead, my beautiful one,
But a memory from this tropic sea,
In this way-ward, love life of mine,
Will ever be haunting me.

LAMAS IN TIBET.

There is no country in the world more strange and more fascinating in respect to its religious rites and ceremonials than Tibet. Barren as is the land, and scanty as is the population, religious rites, emblems and edifices everywhere meet the eye.

But it is in the settled and cultivated portions of Tibet that the signs of the power of religious feeling are visible on every side. The cliffs are hollowed with the cells of hermits, and the dwellings of these anchorites are often seen perched on the very summit of some towering mountain pinnacle, overhanging dizzy precipices. Long lines of flags, on which prayers are written, stretch along the sides of the hills; and the vast numbers of these holy banners, fluttering in the wind, give to many mountain valleys a most extraordinary appearance.

In many places, long low platforms, called Manes, are met with. These extend for hundreds of yards, and have most of the stones engraven with prayers; and it is very striking to observe that whenever the Tibetans pass these Manes they are always most careful to leave them on the right hand. Another edifice of a religious character is called Chorten, and these abound in great numbers. They are curious edifices, and sometimes vary in form. They are built of stone with a square or cubical base, above which comes a series of steps, on the top of which stands the larger half of an inverted cone, and the whole is surmounted by a tapering pillar. The aspect of these edifices is graceful and pleasing, and they frequently contain the relics of holy men.

Praying-wheels are used by every Tibetan, and whether met in the street, on the mountain-side, or on the pasture lands, the men are almost invariably found twirling their praying-wheels, or hugging them to their bosoms. When a Tibetan house is entered, praying-wheels stand at the door, and are pulled round by strings by all who cross the threshold.

Praying wheels are fixed upon the roofs, so that the wind shall keep them constantly whirling round; and even in the beds of running streams the ingenious and devout Tibetans have placed their praying-wheels, so that the ever-flowing waters may keep the wheels continually turning round.

But of all the wonders of the Tibetan religion, none is so striking as the abundance of monasteries. These great assemblages of religious houses are full of monks or Lamas, and the marvels associated with them are truly surprising. Their number is amazing; they literally swarm in the inhabited portions of Tibet, and a traveler journeying through the country passes monastery after monastery in endless succession.

It is a pleasing feature connected with these monasteries, that in the lands belonging to them animal life is strictly protected. The woods and gardens belonging to the monasteries are full of birds, which are wonderfully tame as the monks (Lamas) do not allow them to be killed.

On one occasion during his recent journey through Tibet, Captain Bower went out shooting in a beautiful valley, but almost immediately the Tibetans came thronging around him, fully armed, and compelled him to desist. They declared that the lands in which he was shooting belonged to the great monastery of Riuchi, and that the monks of that establishment did not allow any shooting on their lands. The Tibetans further said that if anything were shot on the monastery estates, every soul in the neighborhood would be struck with sickness.

The aspect of the monks who dwell in these monasteries is most striking. They are dressed in loose robes, which may be either red or yellow-colored, according to the sect of Lamas to which they belong, and these robes are gathered round the waist by a girdle On their heads they often wear lofty mitres of true episcopal shape, and at times they may be met wearing red hats with broad brims, which remarkably resemble Cardinals' hats.

The praying-wheel is always in their hands, and they often carry curious tridents. On special occasions when great religious festivals take place, the dress of the Lamas is most gorgeous; their mitres are very fine, and their dresses are adorned most brilliantly.

In Eastern Tibet—which is nominally subject to China—the Lamas try hard to exclude all Europeans from entering the monasteries; but in Western Tibet, which forms part of the dominions of the Maharajah of Kasmir, Europeans are allowed to enter the monasteries and to examine them thoroughly.

GRAVITY.—A certain nobleman, some years ago, was conspicuous for his success in the world. He had been employed in the highest situations at home and abroad, without one discoverable reason for his selection, and without justifying the selection by one proof of administrative ability. He was the most silent person I ever met (says Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, who relates this anecdote); and when the first reasoners of the age would argue some knotty point in his presence, he would from time to time slightly elevate his eyebrows, gently shake his head, or, with a dexterous smile of significant complacency, impress on you the notion how easily he could set these babblers right if he would but condescend to give voice to the wisdom within him. I was very young when I first met this "superior man;" and chancing the next day to call on the late Lord Durham, I said, in the presumption of early years, "I passed six mortal hours last evening in company with Lord ——, and I don't think there is much in him." "Good heavens!" cried Lord Durham, "how did you find that out? Is it possible that he could have—talked?"

Grains of Gold.

What makes life dreary is want of motive.

Gayety is often the reckless ripple over despair.

To find fault is easy; to do better may be difficult.

From the errors of others a wise man corrects his own.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound.

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.

Self-possession is another name for self-forgetfulness.

Ignorance is less removed from the truth than prejudice.

God gives every bird its food, but he does not throw it into the nest.

Man is nearsighted on the side where he thinks it would pay to sin.

Obedience is not truly performed by the body if the heart is dissatisfied.

All love has something of blindness in it, but the love for money especially.

Whether happiness may come or not, one should try and prepare to do without it.

We have not learned how to rest until we have learned how to live one day at a time.

No matter how bright the pleasures of sin may be, they are only pleasures for a season.

Riches do not half so much exhilarate us with their possession as they torment us with their loss.

Feminniities.

Some people are so absent-minded that they can never find anything but fault.

"The only way to prevent what's past," said Mrs. O'Mulligan, "is to put a stop to it before it happens."

"Do you think Cholly approved of the advanced woman?" "Oh, he must. He says he's going to dispense with his man when he marries you."

The sufferer: "Do you think it would relieve my toothache if I should hold a little liquor in my mouth?" His wife: "It might, if you could do it."

Artist: "I painted the picture, sir, to keep the wolf from the door." Dealer, after inspecting it: "Well, hang it on the knob where the wolf can see it."

Jack: "So you're going to marry the widow after all? And I hear that you're to give up smoking." Tom: "Yes. She gives up her weeds, and I give up mine."

A paragraph is going the rounds to the effect that a woman gave a tramp a pair of her husband's trousers, in a pocket of which he afterwards discovered $200.

To clean and brighten gilt frames vinegar water, in the proportion of a gill of vinegar to a pint of water, is recommended. It should be lightly applied with a brush.

"Ever have any trouble with your wheel?" "Not yet," said the sweet young thing. "So far whenever I have run over any one I have been able to get away before he got up."

Mrs. Mary Winslow is traveling Western New York as proprietor and operator of a peripatetic photograph car. She wears a man's hat, carries a revolver, is a first-class artist and has more orders than she can attend to.

Young husband, severely: "My love, these biscuits are sour, horribly sour." Young wife, who took the chemistry prize at boarding school; "I forgot to add the soda, my dear, but never mind. After tea we can walk out and get some soda water."

Miss Summermaid: "I hardly know whether to be angry with little Cholly Tapecounter or not." Miss Ennygirl: "Why, dear?" "He said he could guess my age, and when I dared him to he said he thought too much of me to do so before others."

Bagley: "You might help a fellow, if you want to. I'd like to have Gertrude find out all about my good points from an outsider." Bailey: "I'm helping you, Bagley. Why, it was only yesterday that I did my best to convince her that you were no fool!"

The congregation of Bishops and Clerical Orders in Rome has decided that telephones may be placed in the closed cloisters of the Catholic churches. As a safeguard, however, two of the older nuns must always be present when an inmate answers a "hello."

According to a writer in one of the magazines, Sir Walter Scott's great-grand daughter, Mrs. Maxwell Scott, is so much like him as to give a striking illustration of the power of heredity. It is said she has the same "wide brow" and the "familiar drooping blue eyes."

De Brazza's bride, who is to accompany him to Africa, is almost an American. Her father, the late Marquis de Chambrun, was for years a resident of Washington as legal adviser of the French Legation, and his daughter, who was brought up there, has hosts of friends at the American capital.

"Every man has his price." Her manner, as she uttered the forgoing truism, was that of one who mused. The red lips parted again: "And if I cannot afford an English nobleman, they are much cheaper in Italy." The musing manner fled before a sunny smile, as the mist before the dawn.

'Got any little job of work, ma'am," inquired the dusty pilgrim at the back door, "that I can do to earn a bite of grub?" "You've often asked me for cold victuals," replied the woman in surprise, "but this is the first time you ever asked for work." "Yes m,' rejoined the tourist cheerfully—"I'm on my vacation."

Some time ago certain newspapers were turned over to the women to be run by them entirely in aid of some public object. Now it appears that in Bay City, Mich., the street cars were recently turned over to the women, who acted as conductors. All the fares collected were to be handed over to the Masonic building fund.

A German has invented a device to prevent any fluid from boiling over, even on an open fire. It has a specially constructed perforated rim through which the overflow returns to the pot. One of the benefits of this system is that milk can be kept boiling for a long time, and thereby sterilized milk, forming nutritious and healthy food for babies, can be obtained.

Flowers for funeral offerings are oftenest now sent loose in a box, set pieces being justly regarded as stiff and painfully suggestive. Wreaths are still used, but they have become so full as to have lost the hollow of the centre, and are, instead, a round mat of flowers. Something different in flower designs for these sad occasions is the oval wreath, of which one side is made solidly of ferns and leaves, and the other half as solidly a mass of flowers.

Masculinities.

A Frenchman has patented an apparatus to take off and put on a man's coat.

It is announced that Lady Aberdeen dresses in bloomers when riding her wheel.

After all, our worst misfortunes never happen, and most miseries lie in anticipation.

It is hard to believe that a man is telling the truth when you know you would lie were you in his place.

People in Madison county, Kentucky, who have paid their taxes, are entitled to be married free by the Sheriff.

William Ludlam White, of Jamaica, N. Y., who will be 15 years old in October, now weighs 262 pounds.

Silas Forman, of Jacksonville, Fla., is a collector of rattlesnakes. He has accumulated 26 of the reptiles.

Nephew: "Do you know, uncle, I dreamed last night you had loaned me $10?" Uncle, generously: "Is that so? Ah! well, you may keep them, Otto."

Professor Hajak of Vienna has declared that smokers are less liable to diphtheria and other throat diseases than non-smokers in the ratio of 1 to 28.

A record cricket match was played at Thornton Heath, Eng., on August 20. One of the contending elevens was composed of a certain Mr. Bacon and his ten sons.

Mrs. Boyd, of Woodsonville, in Barren county, has a kitten that is never satisfied unless listening to music. When a stirring tune is played it capers about very gally.

Lord Dufferin's son, the Earl of Ava, who traveled through this country last season, is soon to be married in London. The young lady is said to be clever and charming, and an heiress to a peerage as well as to a fortune.

King Humbert owns nearly two hundred horses, and the greatest number of them are English bred. The double row of stalls forms a regular street, and each animal has its name printed in large white letters above the manger.

Prince Albert of Prussia, the second cousin of the German Emperor, has been made chief of the regiment of dragoons bearing his name. The Prince is, with one or two exceptions, the tallest man in the German army, being 6 feet 6 inches in height, and finely proportioned.

The Duke of Sutherland has recently developed a taste for engine-driving. He is at present having a private train built, of which he will be the engineer. He delights in locomotives, and is said to be an expert engineer. The young Duchess will drive the engine of the new train upon its first trip.

"Will you be mine, darling?" he asked after a year's courting. "No—it can never be," was the reply. "Then, why have you let me hope so long?" he said, as he went towards the door. "Because I intend never to belong to any man. You can be mine, if you like." He saw the difference, and stopped. Years afterwards, he saw the difference still more clearly.

An old country doctor, named Sauria, who died recently at 84, in the Department of the Jura, invented, 60 years ago, matches made with chlorate of potassium, phosphorus and sulphur, but was too poor to pay for a patent, and his invention was made use of in Germany. He applied ten years ago for some reward from the French Government, but only got the right to keep a tobacco stand.

A dispatch from Corning, N. Y., to the Rochester Democrat says: Miss Emma Halscher died to night at 11 o'clock from a lingering bronchial trouble. A clock which had been purchased as a present by the young man to whom she was engaged to be married was in the room near the bed, and had been running regularly until the moment the young lady died, when the clock stopped at the minute she drew her last breath.

They had ribbons all over their luggage, and the young woman's back hair was full of rice. The porter approached the happy looking young man and said: "Dah's er present fob you, wif de compliments ob de road." "What is it?" "A map and a time-table." "Ah—thank you. And what are these marks in blue pencil?" "Dem is de impohtant paht, sir. Dey shows jes' whah de tunnels is."

A young husband met an old and preoccupied friend, whose mind is weighted with thoughts of things extraneous to family affairs; but wishing to be agreeable, he asked after the family, and of course, the baby. "Beautiful, beautiful!" was the reply, "we had the little fellow christened on Sunday." "Indeed!" said the preoccupied one with an air of interest, and then inquired, "Was it on the arm or on the leg?"

M. Chassepot, the inventor of the famous rifle used by the French in their war with Germany, has recently been discovered at Nice, where is keeping a hotel. His name was formerly on every tongue. Napoleon III. who had been warned of the numerical superiority of the German army, relied largely on the advantages of the Chassepot rifles as an element in its favor. The gun was long ago discarded for the Gras, which in turn gave way to the Lebel rifle.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A simple but stylish gown is of rust colored lady's cloth, trimmed with byzantine embroidery, enriched with many colored shot paillettes. The full flaring skirt is finished with a row of stitching two inches from the edge.

The blouse bodice has a scalloped yoke, the edge being embroidered with the byzantine embroidery. A double frilled epaulette, also edged with embroidery, falls over the leg of mutton sleeves, which fit snugly from the elbow to the wrist, having three bands of embroidery at the hand. The Swiss belt is composed entirely of the byzantine embroidery. The draped collar is of black silk muslin, with a large pleated bow at the back.

The hat is of rough straw, the brim being caught up in the back and garnished with roses falling over the hair. A large satin bow stands up at the back, while roses adorn the brim on the left side and across the front.

An attractive walking gown is made of black mohair. The flaring skirt is perfectly plain.

The belted bodice has a box pleat extending from the shoulder down either side of the front; between the pleats is a vest of ecru guipure, over green silk, the upper part of which is adorned with side tabs of black velvet, extending from the neck to the bust. Little gilt buttons set on in pairs hold the tabs closely to the vest. The round belt is of black velvet, fastened on the left side of the front and finished with a chou of the velvet. The collar band is also of black velvet. The gigot sleeves are without trimming.

A very jaunty gown for autumn wear is made of brown cloth, with brown velvet trimmings. The skirt is very full and is worn over the edge of a sleeveless vest.

The cloth jacket has a broad shawl collar, and opens to display the sleeveless vest, which has a broad, drooping box-pleat of the cloth, the left side of the pleat being adorned with a frill of brown velvet. Large bronze buttons, with mock buttonholes, underlaid with brown velvet, are arranged down the centre of the box pleat. The collar band is of velvet. The sleeves are leg o' mutton shape.

Another gown is of check tweed, having a plain full skirt.

The tight-fitting bodice has a box pleat, graduated from either shoulder to the waist. Between the pleats is a vest of white cloth with four horizontal straps of black velvet. The collar band and pointed belt are of black velvet. The gigot sleeves are finished with gauntlet cuffs of white cloth, encircled with two rows of velvet.

Bows of stiff ribbon, ospreys, quills and wings are the trimmings most favored for fall wear. They are set upon the hat with a sort of mathematical precision which is very charming when the hat adorns a fresh, young face, but which is trying in the extreme to worn ones.

The flower-garden effects of the summer are, happily, to disappear. Those fall hats which boast any flowers at all have them all of one variety. The warmer colored blossoms will be popular, such as nasturtiums and geraniums. Whenever they are used they are set in the midst of leaves, so that their brilliancy is toned down somewhat.

Some of the fall hats have set among their ribbon bows bunches of bright colored berries, which appear at this season of the year. A spray of barberries, a cluster of crimson partridge berries, a bunch of the red seed pods which come upon wild rose bushes in the fall, or a few bits of bitter-sweet berries are regarded as appropriate as well as pretty adornments.

A hat suitable for fall wear is a combination of brown and white. The shape is a somewhat wide brimmed, low crowned affair and the material brown felt. The trimming consists of a low bow of brown ribbon placed exactly in the centre of the front, with two white wings and a white osprey rising from it. The rim is edged with brown silk cord.

A low, round-cornered walking hat in brown, trimmed with brown ribbon, close balls of brownish red ostrich feathers and a brownish red osprey is a pretty piece of fall headgear. Brown and yellow and brown and red are, by the way, two of the favorite fall combinations. A brown hat ablaze with nasturtiums ranging from pale lemon color through glowing reds and into rich brown is a triumph of the milliner's skill.

Short, double-breasted jackets will be worn by little girls this fall to the exclusion of every other style of wrap. Big pearl buttons and small gilt buttons are both correct for fastening them, but it is needless to say that the brighter style is the more pleasing to the youthful wearers.

A sleeveless velvet zouave jacket is a pretty addition to a little girl's bright silk or woollen dress. Only the merest scrap is required to make it, and it is not only pretty, but comfortable on chilly autumn days.

One of the few adornments permitted to children in this period of severe simplicity is the deep collar. Round ones of various Van Dyke designs are pretty, and so are the square sailor collars of grass cloth and lace or of embroidery. The additions of these transforms a plain little frock into a thing of beauty in the eyes of its youthful wearer.

The little three cornered bits of yellowish lace and muslin which have been fashionable all the summer as collars are still in favor. Sets, consisting of collar, cuffs and plastrons, are sold to brighten up dingy frocks that have done service all the summer or the fresher ones which are to do duty all the fall. Entire vests made of alternate pieces of lace and tucked muslin, in the over hanging blouse style, are also seen.

Plaid ties, both in the bows and the four-in-hand style, form part of every well-regulated tailor-made girl's fall wardrobe. They are better adapted to fall than summer wear because of the penetrating brilliancy of their hues, and they are prettier in the smaller than in the larger styles.

The correct collar, although it may be of the turnover variety, is quite as tall as the ordinary standing collar. Its corners have as little slant as possible, the opening in front being a mere slit. It is quite uncomfortable, but absolutely proper.

Velvet capes trimmed with fur and lace will be sold to match hats, and cloth capes with strapped seams are bravely holding their own. To be strictly up to date they must be made with a full jabot of plaid silk down the front. Many of the new hats will be worn well over the forehead, and in coloring and design they are quite inconspicuous. The turban is high in favor and should be made of braided felt in shaded effects.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Mulled Wine.—Put cinnamon and allspice (to taste) in a cup of hot water to steep. Add three eggs well beaten with sugar. Heat to a boil a pint of wine, then add spices and eggs. Stir for three minutes and serve.

Norfolk Dumplings.—Take about a pound of light dough and divide it into small pieces; mold them into dumplings, drop them into a saucepan of fast-boiling water, and boil them quickly. Send them to the table the instant they are dished. Serve with wine sauce.

Trifle Pudding.—Make a custard the same as for ice cream, season with almond. Cut cake in square pieces, put on the bottom of a large fruit dish, then put on the cake a layer of peach preserves, then pour on some of the custard, then another layer of cake, et cetera, until the dish is full. Cover the top with whipped cream.

Fried Apples.—Select large, rather tart apples, wash, and slice them across without peeling. Have the slices about half an inch thick. Have a tablespoonful of butter hot in a saucepan, and lay the slices in to brown. If a sweet sauce is liked, sprinkle on a little sugar and cinnamon before turning the slices. Another way is to brown them in hot salt pork fat without sweetening.

Rich Wholemeal Bread.—Well mix two ounces of German yeast with a teaspoonful of sugar. Also mix four pounds of wholemeal with two ounces of sugar and a little salt. Make a hole in the centre and pour in the yeast with a pint of tepid water and half a pint of milk. Then add two or three well beaten eggs, and work into dough. Cover with a cloth and leave in front of the fire for two hours or so, after which divide in two portions and bake in two tins for about an hour.

Horse Radish Sauce.—One horse-radish, one teaspoonful of caster sugar, half a saltspoon of best mustard, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, half pint of milk or cream. Grate the horse-radish carefully, mix the mustard and sugar, then thoroughly stir in the vinegar, and, last of all, just before sending to table, carefully mix in the milk or cream. This sauce has to be carefully made or the milk will curdle.

Fish Chowder.—Take a pound of salt pork, cut into strips and soak in hot water five minutes. Cover the bottom of a pot with a layer of this. Cut four pounds of cod or sea bass into pieces two inches square and lay enough of these on the pork to cover it. Follow with a layer of chopped onions, a little parsley, summer savory and pepper. Then a layer of split Boston or whole cream crackers which have been soaked in warm water until moist through but not ready to break. Above this lay a stratum of pork and then repeat the ingredients in the order given above until they are used up. Let the topmost layer be buttered crackers, well soaked. Put in enough cold water to cover all barely. Cover the pot and stew gently for an hour, watching that the water does not sink too low. Should it leave the upper layer exposed, replenish constantly from the tea kettle. When the chowder is thoroughly done take out with a perforated skimmer and put into a turreen. Thicken the gravy with a tablespoonful of flour and about the same quantity of butter. Boil up and pour over the chowder. Send sliced ham, pickles and stewed tomatoes to the table with it that the guests may add if they choose.

Fruit Cookies.—Two cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of chopped raisins, one-half cup of water, one egg, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. Cream the butter and sugar, add the other ingredients, and flour enough to render it stiff enough to roll out. Bake in a quick oven.

Corn Omelet.—When you have had boiled corn for dinner, one or two ears may be left over; stand them aside in a cool place. When wanted for use, carefully cut the grains from the cob. Beat six eggs without separating until well mixed; add to them six tablespoonfuls of water and a half cup of corn. Have ready your omelet pan; turn in the mixture and cook precisely the same as you would a plain omelet.

To bake oysters in the shells, open the shells, keeping the deepest one for use. Melt some butter and season with finely chopped parsley and pepper. When slightly cool, roll each oyster in it, using care that it drips as little as possible. Lay the oysters in the shells and add to each a little lemon juice. Cover with bread crumbs and place the shells in a dripping pan and bake in a quick oven. Serve in the shells.

Oyster cutlets are excellent as a course for a luncheon. To make them, chop very fine a half pint of oysters. Soak two tablespoonfuls of cracker crumbs in the oyster liquor and mix with the prepared oysters and a cupful of the white meat of chicken, chopped fine. Place in a saucepan over the fire a tablespoonful of butter, and when it is melted stir it into a tablespoonful of flour. Add the oyster and chicken mixture and stir a few moments. Add two eggs, well beaten. Mix thoroughly and take from the fire. Turn on a platter to cool. When the mixture has become cold butter the cutlet mould and cover with bread crumbs. Pack with the cold mixture and turn out on a dish sprinkled with crumbs. When all the material has been moulded, dip the cutlets in beated egg and then in crumbs. Cook in boiling fat until a nice brown. Drain on paper. Serve very hot, with the following sauce: Put three tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan. When melted, add the same quantity of flour and beat together. Add gradually one pint of white stock. Season with some sprigs of parsley, a piece of mace, one small onion and a few pepper corns. Let it simmer twenty minutes, then strain and put it over the fire once more. Add half a cup of rich milk, and salt to suit the taste.

Cream oysters are delicious. To one quart of oysters use one pint of cream. Put the cream over the fire in a double boiler, mix a generous tablespoonful of flour with a little cold milk and stir into the cream when it is boiling. Season with salt, a little cayenne pepper and a teaspoonful of onion juice. Let the oysters come to a boil in their own liquor. Drain off all the liquor and turn the oysters into the cream mixture. Have ready on a hot platter squares pieces of toast well buttered, and turn the mixture over them. Serve at once.

Oyster patties may be made by using patty shells of rich puff paste baked to a good brown and filling them with a mixture prepared as for creamed oyster.

Tomato Soup.—Cook thoroughly a dozen ripe tomatoes, and add a pinch of salt, a half teaspoon of baking soda and a tablespoon of butter. Strain through a colander. They should be cooked in granite or porcelain. Tin or iron should never be used for acid fruits or vegetables. Heat two quarts of milk, to which add a teacup of bread or cracker crumbs. Serve in hot dishes, with buttered toast. This will serve eight people.

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OF GINSENG.

THE most prized drug in the entire Chinese pharmacopœia—that medley of fearful and wonderful things—is the famous Ginseng, the root of a plant belonging to the Ivy tribe, which has for centuries been regarded as a very elixir of life, and supposed to be endowed with almost miraculous properties.

While of prime importance in China and Japan, its use is by no means confined to these countries. It is the principal tonic used in Central Asia, and in Oriental countries generally, and indeed was at one time introduced into Europe, where it met with some favor, until sarsaparilla supplanted it in popularity.

So great is the demand for ginseng in China, that the finest kinds command enormous prices; the drug, according to quality, selling at from six dollars to four hundred dollars an ounce. Doubtless, its dearness contributes largely, with such a people as the Chinese, to raise its celebrity so high.

The rich and the mandarins probably use it mainly out of pure ostentation, as its cost puts it beyond the reach of the common people.

To meet the wants of the poorer classes, many other roots are substituted, the most important of which is American ginseng, the product of an allied species, which is largely imported from the United States. This American ginseng is said to be much used in the domestic medicine of the states to the west of the Alleganies; but it is regarded by regular medical practitioners as quite worthless.

Notwithstanding the firm belief which the Chinese have in the extraordinary powers of the genuine native root, Europeans have hitherto failed to find any remarkable properties in it, and it has no active principle and no medicinal action. Like the mandrake, which was accounted so potent in former days, it no doubt derives its virtues largely from the faith of the patient.

At one time the ginseng grown in Manchuria was considered to be the finest, and it became so scarce in consequence, that an Imperial edict was issued prohibiting its collection. All the supplies of the drug collected in the Chinese Empire are Imperial property, and are sold to those allowed to deal in it at its weight in gold. The ginseng obtained in Corea is now accounted most valuable. The root of the wild plant is preferred to that of the cultivated; and the quality of the drug is supposed to improve with the age of the plant. The export from Corea is a strict monopoly, the punishment for smuggling it out being death. The total export is only about twenty-seven thousand pounds annually; but owing to its great value, even this small quantity yields a considerable revenue, which is said to be the king's personal perquisite. Ginseng is also grown in Japan, where it was introduced from Corea, but as there the plant grows much more luxuriantly than in its native country, the root is considered less active, and is not much esteemed.

Though the product of the wild ginseng is most valued, the plant is carefully cultivated in some parts of Corea. It is raised from seed which is sown in March. The seedlings are transplanted frequently during the first two or three years, and great care is taken to shade them from the sun and rain. Healthy plants mature in about four years, but the roots are not usually taken up until the sixth season. Ordinary ginseng is prepared by simply drying the root in the sun or over a charcoal fire.

To make red or clarified ginseng, the root is placed in wicker baskets, which are put in a large earthenware vessel with a closely fitting cover, and pierced in the bottom with holes. The whole is then set over boiling water and steamed for about four hours. The ginseng is afterwards dried until it assumes a hard resinous, translucent appearance, which is a proof of its good quality.

That of the best quality is generally sold in hard, rather brittle, translucent pieces, about the size of the little finger, and from two to four inches in length. Its taste is mucilaginous, sweetish, and slightly bitter and aromatic.

The greatest care is taken of the pieces of the finest quality. M. Hue says that throughout China no chemist's shop is unprovided with more or less of it. According to an account given by Lockhart, a medical missionary in China, of a visit to a ginseng merchant, it is stored in small boxes lined with sheet lead, which are kept in larger boxes containing quicklime for absorbing moisture.

The pieces of the precious drug are further inclosed in silk wrappers and kept in silk-lined boxes. The merchant, when showing a piece bared of its wrappings to Mr. Lockhart for his inspection, requested him not to breathe on or handle it, while he dilated on its merits, and related the marvelous cures he had known it to effect. The root is covered, according to quality, with the finest embroidered silk, plain cotton cloth or paper.

In China, ginseng is often sent to friends as a valuable present, and in such cases there is usually presented along with the drug a small finely finished double kettle for its preparation.

The inner kettle is made of silver, and between it and the outside copper vessel is a small space for holding water. The silver kettle fits in a ring near the top of the outer covering, and is furnished with a cup-like cover, in which rice is put, with a little water. The ginseng is placed in the inner vessel, the cover put on, and the whole apparatus set on the fire. When the rice in the cover is cooked, the medicine is ready, and is eaten by the patient, who drinks the ginseng tea at the same time.

The dose of the root is from sixty to ninety grains. During the use of the drug, tea drinking is prohibited for at least a month, without any other change of diet. It is taken in the morning before breakfast, and sometimes in the evening before going to bed.

In India, Persia, and Afghanistan, ginseng is known as chob chini, the "Chinese wood." In these countries it is prepared either as a powder, which is compounded of ginseng, with gum mastic and sugar-candy, equal parts of each, about a drachm being taken once a day, early in the morning; or as a decoction, in the preparation of which an ounce of fine parings is boiled for a quarter of an hour in a pint of water.

There are two ways in which the tonic is taken. The first is a truly Oriental luxurious method, affected by wealthy people, and especially by Afghan princes. The patient retires to a garden, where his senses are soothed by listening to music, the song of birds, and the bubbling of a flowing stream, and enjoying the balmy breeze. He avoids everything likely to trouble and annoy him, and will not even open a letter lest it should contain bad news; and the doctor forbids any one to contradict him. Some grandees of Central Asia go through a course of forty days of this pleasant regimen every second year.

The other and more commonplace method of taking ginseng requires no other precautions than the avoiding of acids, salt and pepper, and choosing summer-time, as cold is supposed to cause rheumatism.

SHOOTING STARS.

THE phenomena of falling or shooting stars, as most generally observed, led originally to the idea that they were "meteors"—i. e., appearances due to certain conditions of the atmosphere; but more complete information has placed the matter in a totally different light. It had long been known that there was a kind of periodicity in these phenomena.

They appeared at two seasons of the year in much greater numbers than at ordinary times. One of the most marked of these periods occurs towards the middle of the month of November, and again it has been observed that this November star-shower had exhibited a maximum at intervals of about thirty-three years. Another point not at first obviously connected with the matter was the following. All over the world there are legends of showers of stones, or single large ones, falling upon the earth. Fragments of one such stone, which was alleged to have fallen in the presence of numerous witnesses some hundreds of years back, are preserved in one of the churches of eastern France.

However, these stories of "thunderbolts" or "aerolites" were looked on with suspicion, till of late years overwhelming evidence of their truth has been adduced by actual witnesses of the falls, not only in Europe, but in America, and in fact all over the globe.

These stones were at first thought to be projected from volcanoes on the moon; but, while the evidence of the existence of active volcanoes on the moon is, to say the least of it, very doubtful, it has been shown that, in order to overcome the resistance of the moon's attraction, bodies projected from it would require to have a minimum initial velocity of 7,770 feet (about one mile and a third) per second—a velocity from three to four times that of a projectile from a rifled cannon, and certainly very far greater than could be produced by volcanic explosions.

Further researches showed that these stones were to be found everywhere scattered over the earth, and also buried in positions that proved that they had fallen in former geological ages. Chemical analysis showed that they contained iron, cobalt, nickel, chromium, copper, magnesium, manganese, calcium, aluminium, titanium, and hydrogen, all bodies well known to exist in the sun, and phosphorus, silicon, carbon, etc., not at present known to exist there.

Again, in 1874 the Government Astronomer at Madras, showed that the orbit of Biela's comet was identical with the track of one of the known meteor streams. In other words, the comet was known to pass through that part of the heavens from which the falling stars were observed to start; so that at present it is regarded as certain that these falling stars are really minute fragments of matter originally parts of nebulæ or perhaps comets, that they follow definite orbits, that when the earth passes near enough to them they are attracted to it, and rush through the earth's atmosphere to its surface.

The smaller ones are so heated by their friction with the air during their course that they become luminous, and are ultimately dissipated as dust or vapor. A few of the larger ones, having too great a mass to become so much heated, reach the earth as aerolites. In fact, falling stars are minute planets, probably weighing only a few grains on an average, torn from their orbits by the earth's attraction and ignited, and thus rendered visible by their rush to its surface.

THE SISTER OF HENRY VIII.—Henham Hall was the residence of Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. His wife Mary was the gay and somewhat frivolous sister of Henry VIII., first married, for reasons of State, to Louis XII. of France, honorably described as "the father of his people," a widower, who, up to the period of the English alliance, had shone brilliantly in the various characters of king and soldier, husband and parent.

In January, 1514, the preceding Queen of France, Anne of Brittany, died, and in October of the same year Louis, then of the mature age of fifty-three, married Mary of England, at that date only sixteen. The English princess had previously fallen in love with Charles Brandon, then Viscount Lisle, one of the bravest, handsomest, and most accomplished noblemen of the day—an affection which was passionately returned by the object of it, and was not disapproved by King Harry—and to drown the memory of her disappointment she began a round of festivities, dances, and masquerades almost as soon as she landed on French soil.

King Louis, who had hitherto been accustomed to a regular life, usually retiring to rest at nine, after the performance of his duties of State, speedily found the old order of things reversed. Nine o'clock now began the day instead of ending it, and ball quickly succeeded ball, and banquet.

Already sinking under a complication of infirmities, he soon succumbed to his new and unnatural existence, dying within three months after his wedding.

Brandon, who had followed Mary to France as English Ambassador (curiously enough one of the attendants in the princess' suite was Anne Boleyn, afterwards so famous as the consort of Henry), was now at liberty to show his devotion to the royal lady whom he had loved so long and so faithfully; and Mary was not slow to encourage him.

To avoid any breach of etiquette through a proposal coming direct from the duke himself, she sent him a message saying that she gave him four days in which to decide whether he would marry her. Suffolk did not hesitate.

In less than two months after Louis' death the widow—who seems to have had few scruples as to the indecency of such haste—and her first lover were married privately in Paris.

The union having been solemnized without Harry's permission, the happy pair ran considerable risk from the king's displeasure; but the good offices of Wolsey—then in the ascendant—and of the French king, Francis I., effected a reconciliation.

Suffolk was the son of Sir William Brandon, the standard bearer on Bosworth Field who fell by the hand of King Richard, and had won great distinction by his knightly skill and chivalric exploits.

TRUE self-confidence is perfectly consistent with true modesty. He who knows his own power and believes in it will be likely to know also its limits; and we usually find that the boasting and assumption which are so offensive to good taste proceed rather from a desire to impress others with an exalted opinion of self than from any dignified and well-grounded self-reliance.

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No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

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The sort of girl you love at sight
And want to make your own.

Her lips that hint of honeyed bliss
Belie her distant air;
The sort of girl you long to kiss
But somehow never dare.

—H. R.

Stands to reason—A debater who won't sit down.

The man who always goes to work with a will—A lawyer.

Binx calls his doctor his biographer, for the reason that he is at work upon his life.

Theatrical people usually like long engagements, but their married lives are often brief.

Why would one imagine that guns are human?—Because they kick when the load is too heavy.

"I hereby challenge all the light-weight champions!" cried a loud voice. The Ton of Coal waited. But nobody dared to take up his challenge.

Says a contemporary, describing an arrest, "He accompanied the constables quietly to the lock up, where our reporter happened to be at the time."

"Goodboy, old slow!" shouted the bicycle; "you are not in my class."

"Anyway," retorted the cart horse, "I am not as awkward as you are. I don't fall down standing still."

"Dear," said the sick man to his wife, "I wish you would get another blanket and put it on the bed. I think that when the doctor took my temperature a minute ago he took too much of it."

Professor Maxim: "You can't fire a cannon or light a fire-cracker with a spark of genius."

Scholar (misinterpreting "you"): "Neither can you."

Hoax: "I saw your husband kissing a married woman last night."

Mrs. Wigwag: "Oh! the wretch! Who was she?"

Hoax: "You."

"Do you think," said Chappie, "that a gentleman ought to speak to his barber when he meets him on the street?"

"Certainly," said Briggs, "it is about the only chance he has to get a word in."

A suburban resident is said to have built his house exactly alike in the front and on the back. His hope was, he explained, to fool the chickens into thinking they were on the front lawn, when they were really in the back yard.

"Well, what do you want, sonny?" asked the grocer.

"I most forget what mamma sent me for," replied the perplexed little boy on the outside of the counter, "but I think it's a can of condemned milk."

"I am on my way home, doctor," said a parsimonious city Alderman, who was fond of getting advice gratis, meeting a well-known physician, "and I'm thoroughly tired and worn out. What ought I to take?"

"Take a cab," replied the intelligent medico.

A reporter, in describing the murder of a man named Jorkins, said: "The murderer was evidently in quest of money, but, luckily, Mr. Jorkins had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so that he lost nothing but his life."

"This place," observed the guide showing the American visitor through the mouldy castle, "is over 600 years old."

"Is that all?" said the American, sniffing the air incredulously. "It smells a thundering sight older."

"There's an act of affection," said young Jimpsy as he imprinted a kiss upon her coral lips.

"The really best plays have three acts, George," said the fair young woman, looking up at him without blinking.

"These firemen must be a frivolous set," said Mr. Spilkins, who was reading a paper.

"Why so?"

"I read in the paper that after a fire was under control the firemen played all night on the ruins. Why didn't they go home and to bed like sensible men, instead of romping about like children?"

A Harlem boy came from school very much excited, and told his father that all human beings were descended from the apes, which made the old man so mad that he replied angrily:

"That may be the case with you, but it ain't with me; I can tell you that now, my son."

The boy didn't say anything, but when his mother came home he told her about it.

A tipsy customer, who was seated on the box with the stage driver, swayed backward till he tumbled off. The mud was deep and he fell soft.

"There, now," he exclaimed, as he crawled out of the slough, "I knew you'd upset, if you didn't take care."

On being told that they had not upset—"Not upset!" he echoed in amazement. "If I'd have known that, I wouldn't have got off."

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.—Did you ever try to carry books to your new house? "You may as well take something in your hand every time you go," says the wife; "it is only a short distance." The idea is good, and that fine set of the Waverley Novels immediately flashes through your mind. The little volumes will make such a neat package, and you will begin with them. You take about thirty from the book-case and make three even piles on the table; this is just about a load. The brown paper has all been used, so from a waste basket you pick out an old newspaper, crispy with age. The package is made, and a yard or more from the clothes line completes the job.

You flatter yourself that there is one man in the neighborhood who can do things properly, and call your wife up two flights of stairs to see. You are told that any "muff" could do that, and she wants to know if that is all you called her up from the kitchen for, and why you didn't waste valuable time on it. When she sees that piece of rope matches her best line, and mutely gazes at the broomstick in the corner, you suddenly recollect that time is precious, and that you had better start.

At first the package is very light, and you regret not having brought more; but it soon grows heavy, and begins to dangle painfully against your legs. The rope is gradually getting loose; and, looking down, you see a huge rent; the "Fair Maid of Perth" has come out and got astride the rope on one side, while Ivanhoe tries to out-rival her on the other. The neat package is in a sorry plight, and, thinking it time for a rest, you deposit your freight on the next door-step, and examine both hands, to see which is more streaky from the cutting of the rope.

You extricate Ivanhoe and the Maid and readjust the mass, leaving off the paper. Carrying them on your shoulder is a decided improvement, they fit so nicely; but just as you cross a muddy street, the Pirate slides down your back into a puddle, and you reach the sidewalk just in time to save a general collapse.

The damaged volume is wiped with your handkerchief, the bundle is made up, and, taking it in both hands, you reach your threshold just as the final catastrophe comes. Ignoring the books, you begin to nurse both feet, wondering which are damaged most, the insteps or the corns.

Your face is red, perspiration drops from the tip of your nose, and before you can gather yourself together you are aware of the presence of your beloved, who soothes you as follows:—

"I knew it! Just like you! A judgment on you for destroying my best clothes-line! Why didn't you step in to refresh at a few more places on the way? You needn't deny it, your face shows it!"

Too full for utterance, you silently transfer the books to the house, inwardly abusing Scott for not having died in his youth, and swearing eternal vengeance against moving day. You slam the door, making all the windows in the house rattle, and wind up by wiping your face with the muddy handkerchief, and kicking Old Mortality across the hall.

SOMETIMES the more brains a man has the less he tells. It doesn't always answer for brains to tell.

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.56, 5.10, 9.10, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.56, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 5.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Gettysburg—Express, 8.35 10.00 a m, Sunday, 4.00 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express, 9.00, 10.45 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.10, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City (depot) week-days, express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00, a m, 3.15, 5.30, 7.30, p m. Accommodation, 6.20, 8.00 a m, 4.22 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00, p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m.

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"Oh! Oh!" Cried the DIRT. "At length I must go, I cannot withstand SAPOLIO."